

THE LIVING AGE.

No. 742.—14 August 1858.—Enlarged Series, No. 20.

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PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

LITTELL, SON & Co., Boston; and STANFORD & DELISSER, 508 Broadway, New-York.

For Six Dollars a year, remitted directly to either of the Publishers, the Living Age will be punctually forwarded free of postage.

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RAGS FROM THE CRIMEA—POETRY AND
FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

At the paper mill of Messrs. William Clark & Son, in this town, among the rags recently received from the Crimea are many labels, which were upon the bundles of linen when sent out from England, stating the name of the person who sent them and the place of residence. Attached to one of these labels was found the following beautiful tribute to Florence Nightingale the beloved and honored of America as well as England.—[*Northampton (Mass.) Gazette.*]

Lady! in our England's story
There are names, we proudly say—
Names of women now in Heaven
Still our own, tho' passed away;
But in all the shining record
Which the angels love to read.
Few can claim the earnest homage
By our hearts to thee decreed.

Lady! when to weeping households
Word of thy devotion came,
High and low called thee an angel,
Wives and mothers blessed thy name.
Where the rectory roses cluster;
Where the whitened cottage peers;
In the old manorial mansion,
Eyes were filled with thankful tears.

Lady! when the wounded soldier
Lifts his head and looks on thee,
Hope will come and softly whisper,
"I may yet re-cross the sea,"
Yet return his mother's kisses,
As she shudders at his scars,
Yet behold a face still dearer,
Seen in dreams beneath the stars.

Lady! thou hast left, for duty,
All that gives to life its charm,
And we pray that God may keep thee,
With thy sisters, safe from harm—
Ever shall thy name and story
Cause the heart a blissful thrill;
When our warfare long is over
And our beating hearts are still.

Should this meet the eye of Miss Nightingale, let her know that there are thousands of hearts beating high in admiration of her heroic praiseworthy conduct, sacrificing the comforts of an English home to attend to the wants of our brave wounded sailors and soldiers.

M. A. HUMPHRIES.

BROSELEY, SHROPSHIRE, December 5, 1854.

THE THREE SISTERS.

We are three sisters worn with grief and tears,
Grown grey with sorrows rather than with years,
Well versed in love, dejected and deprest.
Each deems that hers has been the hardest part;
Approach; the poet knows the human heart,
Be it thy task to set the strife at rest.

First learn my grief, how fearful and how deep,
Starting, I woke from my childhood's rosy sleep,
The bud burst forth! a secret thrill came o'er
me,

The breath of love drew forth each hue so bright;

A hero raised me to his own proud height,
And life and all its charms lay spread before me.

Already with the bridal myrtle crown'd
For him in whom my very being was bound,
I watched, with mingled fear and rapture glow-
ing;

The marriage-torches cast their ruddy glare;
They brought me in his corpse and laid it there,
From seven deep wounds his crimson heart's-
blood flowing.

The nameless horror of that awful night—
That is the image stamp'd upon my sight,
Waking or sleeping, I behold it still.
I cannot live! to death I now belong,
And yet I cannot die! O God! how long
Must all these tortures last that will not kill!

The second took the word with trembling tone:
Oh, not of shame! of blood the form alone
That sleeping still or waking meets her view;
My heart too open'd to that breath divine,
Anguish and rapture—they have both been mine;
For me the cup of love has mantled too.

The glory vanished from the loved one's head;
I saw him selfish, mean, his brightness fled,
And yet, alas, I loved him!—him alone!
He went; if shame still chain him to her side,
Or raving madness drive him far and wide,
I know not; but the grief is all my own.

She ceased; the third then sadly took the word:
Thou pausest, now their sorrows thou hast heard,
Doubtful how to decide betwixt the twain.
Have they not liv'd and lov'd? our common
doom,

Though sorrow shroud them both in grief and
gloom,
And bid them to the dregs her chalice drain.

In one brief sentence all my sorrows dwell,
Till thou hast heard it, pause! I consider well,
Ere yet the final judgment thou assign,
And learn my better right, too clearly proved.
Four words suffice me: I was never loved!
The palm of grief thou wilt allow is mine.

—From *Chamisso*, by *Mad. de Pontes*.

WRITTEN AT LINTON, DEVONSHIRE.

IMPATIENT of his sojourn on the hills,
The Lin comes thundering down his mountain
way
From rock to rock, 'mid clouds of gathering
spray,

And with stern voice the tributary rills
Calls to his course impetuous; then he fills
The hollow concave of the vale; delay
Is none from silent cove, or root-bound bay,
That with the whirling currents ceaseless
thrills—

Yet safe beside each dripping stone its bells
The foxglove hangs; the green fern smiles to
see,

The headlong surges in their anarchy
Bathing its feet; and 'mid their mossy cells,
Each sweet and solitary flow'ret dwells
As in the bosom of tranquility.

—*Rev. John Mitford.*

From The National Review.

GHOSTS OF THE OLD AND NEW SCHOOL.

The Night Side of Nature. By Catherine Crowe. London: J. C. Newby, 1848.

Spirit Drawings: a Personal Narrative. By W. M. Wilkinson. London: Chapman and Hall, 1858.

An Angel's Message: being a Series of Angelic and Holy Communications, received by a Lady. London: John Wesley and Co., 1858.

MRS. CROWE'S work is not new; but as the most compendious collection of ghost-stories in the language, serves better than any other as a text for what few words we have to say on the subject of the old-fashioned ghosts. The writer is a woman of genius. Her stories of *Susan Hopley* and *Lilly Dawson* are models of straightforward narration. A female De Foe could not have told them better; if, indeed, such stories can be said to be told, which seem rather like the conscientious detail of real incident. The power of producing this effect is not the result of art, any more than that undefinable tone which lies in a man's voice when he means what he says is the result of art. It is the untraceable transfer of something in the writer to his page. It is the influence, how exerted we cannot analyse, of a peculiar sort of mind and imagination. Such writers stamp their pages with the intensity of their own convictions. It is a characteristic of their minds that they will have reality or nothing. Most of us possess a certain nebulous district in our minds, inhabited by the things we are not sure of; we keep a suspense account of matters not yet determined, and many of which we are content enough to see no present hope of determining. But the De-Foe school of mind has no such half-beliefs. Truth to them consists not so much in accumulation of evidence as in firmness of grip. When they have got fast hold of a thing, they believe it; that is, there is with them a belief of the imagination stronger than the belief of the reason. With a sort of bulldog tenacity which they possess, they fasten upon things new and old, false and true; and the difference between these things is merged in the common vividness with which they stand before the eye of the mind. These are the people to tell ghost-stories and make you believe them: they make tangible things where names are the names for non-entity. They grasp a spectre as if it were a

walking stick, and hold a disembodied spirit hard and fast by the button. The confidence which other men repose in their senses, or in their intuitions, is a bagatelle to the blind earnestness of conviction with which these minds hold to the phantasmata of their imaginations.

De Foe believed his own invented facts as much as if they were real external ones; and his imaginative fictions, from the strength of his own hold upon them, became lies to other people. This is not Mrs. Crowe's way. She invents no apparitions, and tells no history of a Cavalier; but she shows a common nature in the placid depth of conviction with which she handles her favorite subject-matter. You, she says to her reader, may believe in ghosts or not, as you please; I merely state these facts, and leave you to dispose of them as you can. For herself, she would far rather "doubt truth to be a liar." Thus she tells her stories well: she always has her eye firmly on the ghost she knows is there; and steadily pressing through to get at him, she brushes away the imperfect evidence, doubts, and hesitations, which obscure him from our more hesitating vision. The more wonderful a story is, the more ardently she welcomes it; the more incredible it is, the less is she inclined to question the foundation on which it rests; and in her own heart she believes it impossible that it should be false, provided it be but sufficiently near being impossible. If she speaks of evidence at all, it is boldly to reverse all the usual and natural practice of the mind. She summons us, irrespectively of the testimony, to believe what is foreign to our experience unless we can disprove it. The majority of persons, she tells us, "forget that nobody has a right to call any belief superstitious until he can prove that it is unfounded."

This is an alarming assertion. Has even Mrs. Crowe herself acted on it? If so, she must have gone through a vast course of inquiry, to make her competent to disbelieve in very little. We should like to know some of the results. Is Aladdin's lamp true or disproved? What is the logical demonstration that ghouls, "jinns," and afreets do not exist? Is that true about the bottle of smoke which expanded into a giant? Is it proposed to recognise or disprove the spiritual existence of the members the Hindoo mythology, from Vishnu down to the substratum of tortoise;

of "Peor and Baalim," "Isis and Orus and the dog Anubis;" the deities of Greece and Rome, of Odin, Baldur, and the Ygdrasil; of the Great Spirit, the premundane bear and squirrel, and all the chaos of pagan and savage superstitions? Are there just limits, and if so, what limits founded on disproof, to our belief in fates, furies, norns, nymphs, naiads, oreads, hamadryads, nereids, fairies, goblins, trolls, peris, deevs, imps, familiars, nikkers, dwarfs, mermen and maids, the Sandman, Rumpelstilzkin, Dr. Faustus, and the dog Cerberus? Hades, we know, is much in vogue just now; but is Charon the correct thing? and how about the Elysian fields? Do Antony and Cleopatra there walk "hand in hand, and with their sprightly port make the ghosts gaze?" How would this idea of Mrs. Crowe's, if widely received, affect our education, and especially our theology? Imagine "Arguments against Fetish-worship," by the Archbishop of Canterbury; "Wooden Idols proved not Gods," by the Dean of Carlisle; and a "Discrediting of Diana of the Ephesians," in seven sermons, by Father Newman. All we can possibly say against the reappearance of the dead, continues Mrs. Crowe, is, not that it is impossible, but that we do not believe it; and if we say this, we ought at once to be subjected to the interrogation, "Have you devoted your life to sifting all the evidence that has been adduced on the other side from the earliest periods of history and tradition?" Unless we have done this, we are bound to believe; and even when we have done this, we shall be bold inquirers if we think ourselves entitled to say more than that the question is open. This is shifting the burden of proof with a vengeance. Fortunately for us, however, we all know disbelief is not the result of elaborate inquiry of this sort; but is due to the mind being occupied by certain positive convictions, which by their simple presence exclude those matters which are inconsistent with them; and that where no such inconsistent prepossession obtains, it is instinctive with us to seek some sort of evidence for that which claims our belief, rather than to believe until we can obtain satisfactory evidence of a negative. This seems elementary; and it is not doing justice even to ghosts to claim our belief in them on principles of inquiry so directly opposed to those which are true and natural.

Any value which Mrs. Crowe's book might

have as an attempt at the solution of some of the most puzzling facts of our experience, is destroyed by the indiscriminating voracity with which she devours every thing that bears the semblance of the marvellous. In a book which claims to collect facts on a subject in which the original authorities are for the most part unattainable, and the evidence peculiarly slight and precarious, we are in an especial degree dependent on the cool judgment and sagacity of the writer, on the degree in which we can rely on his caution in accepting authority, and his skill in weighing and investigating evidence. Mrs. Crowe's mind, as we have said, is remarkably ill-constituted for work of this sort. Things are true to her because she is determined they shall be so. She begs all the facts, and only asks you to scrutinize the explanation of them. She shares largely in a not uncommon delusion, that we extend the boundaries of knowledge by inventing new theories to account for unascertained facts; and she is simply blind to the idea that any story about spirits can be false. An anecdote has only to send up its card with "ghost" written on it, and it is at once admitted into the innermost penetralia of her convictions. The unquestioning way in which she receives and tells the story of the "Grecian Bride" may serve as an instance of how ready she is to think a story true, and how impossible it is for any degree of the *à-priori* incredible to overtask the willingness of her credence.

"The story of the Grecian bride is still more wonderful; and yet it comes to us surprisingly well authenticated, inasmuch as the details were forwarded by the prefect of the city in which the thing occurred to the proconsul of his province, and by the latter were laid before the Emperor Hadrian; and as it was not the custom to mystify Roman emperors, we are constrained to believe that what the prefect and proconsul communicated to him they had good reason for believing themselves.

"It appears that a gentleman called Demostratos, and Charito, his wife, had a daughter called Philinnion, who died; and that about six months afterwards, a youth named Machates, who had come to visit them, was surprised, on retiring to the apartments destined to strangers, by receiving the visits of a young maiden, who eats and drinks and exchanges gifts with him. Some accident having taken the nurse that way, she, amazed by the sight, summons her master and mistress to behold their daughter, who is there sitting

with the guest. Of course they do not believe her; but at length, wearied by her importunities, the mother follows her to the guest's chamber: but the young people are now asleep, and the door closed; but looking through the keyhole, she perceives what she believes to be her daughter. Still unable to credit her senses, she resolves to wait till morning before disturbing them: but when she comes again the young lady has departed; whilst Machates, on being interrogated, confesses that Philinnion had been with him, but that she had admitted to him that it was unknown to her parents. Upon this the amazement and agitation of the mother were naturally very great; especially when Machates showed her a ring which the girl had given him, and a bodice which she had left behind her; and his amazement was no less when he heard the story they had to tell. He, however, promised that if she returned the next night, he would let them see her; for he found it impossible to believe that his bride was their dead daughter. He suspected, on the contrary, that some thieves had stripped her body of the clothes and ornaments in which she had been buried, and that the girl who came to his room had bought them. When, therefore, she arrived, his servant having had orders to summon the father and mother, they came; and perceiving that it was really their daughter, they fell to embracing her with tears. But she reproached them for the intrusion, declaring that she had been permitted to spend three days with this stranger, in the house of her birth; but that now she must go to the appointed place; and immediately fell down dead, and the dead body lay there visible to all.

"The news of this strange event soon spread abroad, the house was surrounded by crowds of people, and the prefect was obliged to take measures to prevent a tumult. On the following morning, at an early hour, the inhabitants assembled in the theatre; and from thence they proceeded to the vault, in order to ascertain if the body of Philinnion was where it had been deposited six months before. It was not; but on the bier there lay the ring and cap which Machates had presented to her the first night she visited him; showing that she had returned there in the interim. They then proceeded to the house of Demostrates, where they saw the body, which it was decreed must now be buried without the bounds of the city. Numerous religious ceremonies and sacrifices followed, and the unfortunate Machates seized with horror, put an end to his own life."

The next story shows how eager is her preference for a recondite hypothesis:

"The following very singular circumstance occurred in this country towards the latter end of the last century, and excited at the time considerable attention; the more so, as it was asserted by everybody acquainted with the people and the locality that the removal of the body was impossible by any recognised means, besides that no one would have had the hardihood to attempt such a feat.

"Mr. William Craighead, author of a popular system of arithmetic, was parish schoolmaster of Monifieth, situate upon the estuary of the Tay, about six miles east from Dundee. It would appear that Mr. Craighead was then a young man, fond of a frolic, without being very scrupulous about the means, or calculating the consequences. There being a lykewake in the neighborhood, attended by a number of his acquaintance, according to the custom of the times, Craighead procured a confederate, with whom he concerted a plan to draw the watchers from the house, or at least from the room where the corpse lay. Having succeeded in this, he dextrously removed the dead body to an outer house, while his companion, occupied the place of the corpse in the bed where it had lain. It was agreed upon between the confederates, that when the company was re-assembled, Craighead was to join them, and at a concerted signal the impostor was to rise, shrouded like the dead man, while the two were to enjoy the terror and alarm of their companions. Mr. C. came in, and after being some time seated, the signal was made, but met no attention: he was rather surprised; it was repeated, and still neglected. Mr. C., in his turn, now became alarmed; for he conceived it impossible that his companion could have fallen asleep in that situation; his uneasiness became insupportable; he went to the bed, and found his friend lifeless! Mr. C.'s feelings, as may well be imagined, now entirely overpowered him, and the dreadful fact was disclosed; their agitation was extreme, and it was far from being alleviated when every attempt to restore animation to the thoughtless young man proved abortive. As soon as their confusion would permit, an inquiry was made after the original corpse, and Mr. C. and another went to fetch it in, but it was not to be found. The alarm and consternation of the company was now redoubled; for some time a few suspected that some hardy fellow among them had been attempting a Roland for an Oliver; but when every knowledge of it was most solemnly denied by all present, their situation can be more easily imagined than described, — that of Mr. C. was little short of distraction. Daylight came without relieving their agitation; no trace of the

corpse could be discovered, and Mr. C. was accused as the *primum mobile* of all that had happened. He was incapable of sleeping, and wandered several days and nights in search of the body, which was at last discovered in the parish of Tealing, deposited in a field about six miles distant from the place from whence it was removed.

"It is related, that this extraordinary affair had a strong and lasting effect upon Mr. C.'s mind and conduct; that he immediately became serious and thoughtful, and ever after conducted himself with great prudence and sobriety."

One would think that among people where one was found with boldness enough to play the part of Craighead's accomplice, another might have been found with hardihood enough, and dexterity enough, to remove the body; and that this should be so, would be held more probable than that the body should have removed itself, or been the subject of supernatural transference: but "the assertion of everybody," which generally means a complete assertion made out of the incomplete assertions of a number of people, is enough, if, indeed, any assertion were required, to satisfy Mrs. Crowe of the impossibility of an explanation so simple, and so destructive of the requisite supernatural elements in the story.

Ghosts are a theory. It is with reluctance we refine further upon their already shadowy existence; yet what, after all, are they but an hypothesis to solve certain phenomena that have been presented? Men have seen, or have thought they have seen, the persons of those dead as if they still lived. Various solutions of such experiences have been proposed: one of them is, ghosts,—that these figures are actual persons re-appearing among us—*revenants*. When the phenomena shall have been sufficiently established, and ghosts shown to be the most consistent and satisfactory solution of their existence, they will be entitled to the honors of a scientific discovery. No one can say it is an impossible solution; *a priori* we do not know why it should be considered an improbable one. Where we know so little, it is not wise to deny much; but it is at least as hard to affirm without good grounds.

And it cannot be denied, that the proving of a ghost is a matter attended with very peculiar difficulties; and the first and most important of these are connected with the as-

certainment of the facts on which we are to base our conclusion. You cannot subject a ghost to scientific scrutiny under a microscope, or otherwise; nor can you, except rarely, and in a very slight degree, test the event of its appearance, as you do the truth of most events, by its consistency with other events which surround it. He comes when it suits his own purpose, not yours; and has never shown any willingness to subject himself to experiment. He simply presents himself: if you believe in him, well and good; if not, it is impossible for him to produce credentials. He is out of harmony with the world of matter in which he appears, and has nothing to fall back upon. His main stronghold lies, not in any evidence that can be adduced in his favor, but in the common prepossessions—superstitions, if you will—of our nature. We have all, if we would admit it, a sympathy with the candid objector, who confessed that while stoutly denying the possibility of the appearance of spirits, he felt a cold stream down his back. It is the strong internal conviction which men in all ages have had of a spiritual world existing not far from their own, and of occasional trespasses across the common boundary, that makes ghost-stories possible. It is for this reason that they are the received hypothesis to explain various occurrences that puzzle us, and the popular and willingly accepted scapegoats of startling events. When strange noises are heard in a house, we rather say it is haunted than that material substances are moving about of their own accord; we rather believe that a ghost than a man walks through a bolted door. In these and similar cases, the supposition of spiritual interference, though it clashes with our experience, is more in harmony with our nature than one which infringes the ascertained laws of material existence. Men, naturally and rightly, are more ready to refer unexplained exhibitions of force to hidden living wills than to occult properties of matter.

Hence general arguments in favor of ghosts carry us with them; but though we listen with interest to particular recitals of their appearance, it is few who in their hearts believe them. If we are to do so without having ourselves experienced them, it must be as a pure matter of trust in those who allege they have done so. Such trust, no doubt, mingles in all our belief. The mass of knowledge in most men is supported more or less by reliance upon

others; but it is rarely mere personal trust. Many of us are very imperfectly acquainted with the chain of reasoning and calculation which convinces that an eclipse will occur at a given moment; but we know the kind of knowledge on which it depends—we exercise ourselves, in a more or less degree, the same faculties as those by which others have attained to this result, and we know too that among all competent persons who do examine the question there is an absolute coincidence of opinion. It is a matter which has received great corroboration; but more than this, it is in its nature capable of unlimited corroboration, for every man may if he chooses test its truth for himself. Our confidence in such a case is not so much trust in men, as faith in the capacity for right working of the human mind. It is one thing to rely upon another person for the truth of a certain fact, it is another to be dependent upon him for its truth. We trust him just because we are not dependent on the sole evidence of his assertion, because there is other evidence if we choose to seek it. In the inverse proportion, as facts are permanent or repeated under circumstances open to varied observation, and as they are capable of experimental test, does our belief in them depend on individual human trustworthiness. Though I may have never seen the sea, I believe in the ebb and flow of the tides on different grounds to those on which I believe in a remarkable meteor which my neighbor tells me he saw at ten o'clock last night. My belief in the latter depends almost entirely on my personal confidence in my neighbor; not quite entirely so, because others may have seen it; his statement is open at least to corroboration or refutation; and I know from other sources that such things are not uncommon. When, however, he tells me he saw a ghost, that in the dead of the night his grandmother stood by his bedside in a shattered cottage-bonnet or otherwise, I am absolutely dependent on his veracity and powers of accurate observation; and by veracity we mean to specify, not unwillingness to tell a lie, but all the moral and mental characteristics which enable a man to transmit correctly to another mind his own experience—characteristics which those who have had any experience in collecting evidence will admit to be rare. But this position of absolute reliance on the individual who professes to have seen it, is the highest certainty we can

attain to of the existence of a ghost. For ourselves, we rarely think it worth while to ask any one if he has seen a ghost; we content ourselves with inquiring, Have you ever seen a person who has seen a ghost? It is rarely indeed that you can get one of these stories at first hand. They are almost always exposed to the chances of error which accumulate in all secondary evidence, from imperfect recital, imperfect comprehension, imperfect memory, and imperfect truthfulness; all swayed one way by love of the marvellous, and the still more deeply-rooted human passion, love of a good story. A man who has seen a ghost has good evidence to go on. A man who hears the account of a trustworthy man who says he has seen a ghost has evidence more or less reliable; but a man who reads in a book that an unknown person, X, appeared to an unknown person, Y, what evidence has he?

Take as an instance of the sort of testimony we are generally dependent on in ghost-stories, and of the way in which they are retailed, the following brief anecdote from Mrs. Crowe's book.

"The American case—I have omitted to write down the name of the place, and forget it—was that of a mother and son. She was also a highly respectable person, and was described to me as perfectly trustworthy by one who knew her. She was a widow, and had one son, to whom she was extremely attached. He, however, disappeared one day, and she never could learn what had become of him; she always said that if she did but know his fate she should be happier. At length, when he had been dead a considerable time, her attention was one day, whilst reading, attracted by a slight noise, which induced her to look round, and she saw her son, dripping with water, and with a sad expression of countenance. The features, however, presently relaxed, and they assumed a more pleasing aspect before he disappeared. From that time she ceased to grieve, and it was subsequently ascertained that the young man had run away to sea; but no more was known of him. Certain it was, however, that she attributed her recovered tranquility to having seen her son as above narrated."

Now in this case we are dependent on the accuracy, 1, of the author; 2, of her informant; 3, of the respectable widow. We have no grounds for impugning it in any of these cases; but, on the other hand, it is practically not easy to place implicit confidence in the

perfect accuracy of three unknown persons, and inaccuracy in any one of them destroys the story. If Mrs. Crowe were to tell one of us in print that a person had informed her that he, the informant, had been told by a trustworthy American widow that in a certain place was buried a crock of gold, say £1,000 worth, to be had for the fetching,—would this induce a rush of readers across the Atlantic? Would any single person be found credulous enough to set the probability of success in such an enterprise against the certainty of sea-sickness? We apprehend not. And as a slight specimen of the inaccuracy of Mrs. Crowe's mind, we may observe that this story is cited to prove that persons reappear at periods some distance from their deaths. But if nothing was ever heard of the young man, how is it known that he died a considerable time before he appeared to his mother?

The evidence, however, for this class of phenomena rests, as Mrs. Crowe very properly urges, not on any one story, but on the general consent of many. We may take exception to every single instance, and not find one supported by evidence sufficiently unimpeachable to entitle it to claim our positive belief; but there remains the indisputable fact that an immense number of persons, under very various circumstances, and at very various times, have professed to see certain unusual appearances which have a great deal in common. It is difficult to say they were all either false or mistaken. That there is a certain body of phenomena which have been explained, whether rightly or wrongly, by the theory of *revenants*, or ghosts, no one can doubt. But these phenomena have not hitherto been ascertained with sufficient exactitude to give us data for the solution of the problem they involve. It is as Dr. Johnson said of the propriety of wearing nightcaps—we do not know, and perhaps no man at any time will ever know, whether ghosts exist or not. Happily it is not a practical question. Mrs. Crowe, indeed, has a ghost (a German one) who drinks beer; an invisible hand raises the jug and the beer flows out, disappearing ere it reaches the floor in the region at once diaphanous and opaque, of a ghostly stomach. *Valeat quantum*: but were such ghosts common, as by the kindly arrangement of Providence they are not, the subject would indeed be one to occupy us. As it is, we can afford to wait until it forces itself upon our notice.

Prophetic dreams and second-sight have this advantage—or disadvantage, as the case may be—over ghostly phenomena, that in those rare and exceptional cases in which they are clearly made known before the event, there is something to test them by. But the correspondence between a prophecy and its fulfilment is not in general a very trustworthy matter. To make them exactly coincide is at once the easiest and most effective way of narrating them. Who cares to remember the discrepancies, especially when they spoil every thing? We doubt whether coincidence would not bear the whole burden of prophetic dreams, if we could have them fairly before us. If we consider how many dreams each of us dreams every night, and how many millions of us there are all dreaming together in this London only, it would be strange if we never anticipated any events. The old question has been set aside by zealous believers, but remains as much in point as ever, Where are the unfulfilled prophecies, and what proportion do they bear to the fulfilled ones? Often the finest basis for a wondrous tale is spoiled by the perverseness of the sequence. We lately saw a lady in her usual health, whose landlady and her son had both dreamed the same dream, that she lay at the foot of the bed in her coffin; and in passing through one mouth only, the story assumed the dimensions of each of them having dreamed it three times the same night. Less than this would have served for a triumphant case of prophecy. Thus in Mrs. Crowe's book a gentleman and his bailiff dream that a corner of the house was blown off (we are not told whether it was a windy night, and they had cause for anxiety about the house). However, the prophecy is fulfilled by the gentleman's death soon after, and would have been equally well fulfilled by his marrying a Quaker. The following singular instance of bad taste in the narrator, and bad prophecy in the dreamer, is quoted by Mrs. Crowe as "a very curious allegorical dream:"

"Wooer's-Alley Cottage, Dunfermline-in-the-Woods, Monday morning, 31st May, 1847.

"DEAR MRS. CROWE,—That dream of my mother's was as follows: She stood in a long, dark, empty gallery: on her one side was my father, and on the other my eldest sister, Amelia; then myself, and the rest of the family according to their ages. At the foot of

the hall stood my youngest sister, Alexes, and above her my sister Catherine—a creature, by the way, in person and mind more like an angel of heaven than an inhabitant of earth. We all stood silent and motionless. At last *It* entered—the unimagined *something* that, casting its grim shadow before, had enveloped all the trivialities of the preceding dream in the stifling atmosphere of terror. It entered, stealthily descending the three steps that led from the entrance down into the chamber of horror; and my mother felt *It was Death*. He was dwarfish, bent, and shrivelled. He carried on his shoulder a heavy axe; and had come, she thought, to destroy ‘all her little ones at one fell swoop.’ On the entrance of the shape, my sister Alexes leapt out of the rank, interposing herself between him and my mother. He raised his axe, and aimed a blow at Catherine; a blow which, to her horror, my mother could not intercept, though she had snatched up a three-legged stool, the sole furniture of the apartment for that purpose. She could not, she felt, fling the stool at the figure without destroying Alexes, who kept shooting out and in between her and the ghastly thing. She tried in vain to scream; she besought my father in agony to avert the impending stroke; but he did not hear, or did not heed her, and stood motionless as in a trance. Down came the axe, and poor Catherine fell in her blood, cloven to ‘the white halse bane.’ Again the axe was lifted by the inexorable shadow over the head of my brother, who stood next in the line. Alexes had somewhere disappeared behind the ghastly visitant; and, with a scream, my mother flung the footstool at his head. He vanished, and she awoke. This dream left on my mother’s mind a fearful apprehension of impending misfortune, ‘which would not pass away.’ It was *murder* she feared; and her suspicions were not allayed by the discovery that a man—some time before discarded by my father for bad conduct, and with whom she had somehow associated the *Death* of her dream—had been lurking about the place, and sleeping in an adjoining outhouse on the night it occurred, and for some nights previous and subsequent to it. Her terror increased; sleep forsook her; and every night, when the house was still, she arose and stole, sometimes with a candle, sometimes in the dark, from room to room, listening, in a sort of waking nightmare, for the breathing of the assassin, who she imagined was lurking in some one of them. This could not last. She reasoned with herself; but her terror became intolerable, and she related her dream to my father, who of course called her a fool for her pains—whatever might be his real opinion of the matter. Three months had elapsed, when we children were all of us

seized with scarlet fever. My sister Catherine died almost immediately—sacrificed, as my mother in her misery thought, to her (my mother’s) over-anxiety for Alexes, whose danger seemed more imminent. The dream-prophecy was in part fulfilled. I also was at death’s door—given up by the doctors, but not by my mother: she was confident of my recovery; but for my brother, who was scarcely considered in danger at all, but on whose head *she had seen* the visionary axe impending, her fears were great; for she could not recollect whether the blow had or had not descended when the spectre vanished. My brother recovered, but relapsed, and barely escaped with life; but Alexes did not. For a year and ten months the poor child lingered; and almost every night I had to sing her asleep; often, I remember, through bitter tears,—for I knew she was dying, and I loved her the more as she wasted away. I held her little hand as she died; I followed her to the grave—the last thing that I have loved on earth. And *the dream was fulfilled*. Truly and sincerely yours,

J. NOEL PATON.”

We quote this piece of vulgar and affected writing only as a specimen of the way in which prophecies may be and are got up. People have a sort of vanity in being supposed to be more close to what is supernatural than their fellows. To have a relation a ghost, or to have dreamed an anticipatory dream, is in its way a distinction, and makes one a subject of interest. People who in the bottom of their hearts don’t believe in their ghosts, are not unwilling that others should do so; and by affirming occurrences within your experience of which a ghost is the common explanation, and denying your belief in it, you are distinguished at once for your adventure and your strength of mind. Nothing makes even an unbeliever so sore as to throw doubts on his own ghost-story; the surest way to bring it out in strong relief is to suggest explanations, which are always met by appropriate facts; so that the crevices by which doubt may creep in are gradually filled up, and the narrator very soon conscientiously believes his narrative in its amended form. Of “*that dream*” we have only to observe that, according to it, Catherine ought to have met with a violent death; that whether “my brother” survived or not, the prophecy was equally fulfilled and unfulfilled, and that Alexes ought to have escaped. The dream suggested murder to the mother, and by a particular man. He, however, does not

murder any of the children; but three months after, Catherine dies of scarlet fever, the brother recovers from it, and Alexes dies in a year and ten months. A similar liberality of interpretation would supply any number of fulfilled prophecies. There are, however, doubtless much completer stories than these, where the minutest details have been found or made to correspond; and there are the stories of Scottish second-sight, of which Dr. Ferriar gives one or two singular instances, vouching for their accuracy without giving any explanation of them. Of his often-referred-to work it is impossible not to observe, that it contrasts strongly with its pretensions; and that the fact of spectral illusions does not meet many of the cases he himself adduces.

Doubtless there is a borderland of matter and spirit, in which lies at once the most perplexing and the most interesting field of human investigation. That the phenomena are most difficult of observation, the evidence of facts extremely precarious and unreliable, and especially hard to value, are only reasons why the scrutiny should be most searching, and the inquiry conducted with the utmost deliberation and caution. In many of these subjects the temperament best fitted to judge of the phenomena is the one least fitted to experience them; and, on the other hand, those whose nature adapts them to throw light by their own experience on the relations of body and spirit, and the more recondite and exceptional working of the human faculties, are generally very ill-suited to form correct opinions upon the phenomena they exhibit. If there was ever a man who combined the two necessary conditions it was Swedenborg. A man of vast intellect, trained in scientific investigation, became the prophet of a special revelation. But not even he could exercise his judgment upon a side of his character so different. There are sets of facts which demand a more searching and persevering investigation than they have yet received, either that they may finally be disposed of as false, or reduced to scientific order. Such are, the appearance of ghosts, the power of second-sight, of clairvoyance, and other phenomena of magnetism and mesmerism; the nature of sleep and dreams, of spectral illusions (in themselves a decisive proof that the sense of sight may be fully experienced independently of the eye); the

limits and working of mental delusions and enthusiastic excitement. But these things have little interest for the mass of scientific minds; they are at once remote from their sympathies, and irritating from the way in which they elude the intellect—used only to grapple with definite exactly-ascertainable minutiae; and it is probable that scornful apathy on the one side, and visible enthusiasm, delusion, and imposture on the other, will long leave these and similar questions in a state which makes a suspended judgment the wisest attitude for those who have no special call or opportunity for such investigations, and justifies the mass of men in coming to no conclusion whatever about them. There is such a thing as a wise, because a real, ignorance; and it would be well if we were not always so ridiculously ready with our "because." Those who do devote themselves to this class of inquiries will do well to remember Lord Bacon's warning on a similar subject, that "who-soever shall entertain high and vaporious imaginations, instead of a sober and laborious inquiry of truth, shall beget hopes and beliefs of strange and impossible shapes."

But neither ghosts nor dreams are the favorite supernaturalism of the day. We have advanced a step. Angels are now in vogue; and departed spirits no longer glide about our bed-rooms, but avail themselves of other and completer means of communication. Formerly they appeared and were mute, now they talk and remain behind the screen. The last development is a curious one. Table-turning is pretty well exhausted, and spirit-rapping flat. We always wondered why the departed should go such roundabout ways to work, and it is cheering to find they are becoming more practical and direct. They now draw your pictures and write you letters with your own hand, giving detailed information as to the state of things in the life after this. People of education and character, and with a sincere love of goodness, believe this; and Mr. W. M. Wilkinson has had the courage to print^o his experience on the subject. In August 1856, he tells us, he lost his second son, then about eleven years old:

"Some weeks afterwards, his brother, then about twelve years old, went on a short visit to Reading, and whilst there amused himself as boys of his age are used to do. One morning he had a piece of paper before him, and a pencil in his hand, with which he was about

to draw some child's picture; when gradually he found his hand filling with some feeling before unknown to him, and then it began to move involuntarily upon the paper, and to form letters, words, and sentences. The feeling he described as of a pleasing kind, entirely new to him, and as if some power was within him apart from his own mind, and making use of his hand. The handwriting was different to his own, and the subject-matter of the writing was unknown to him till he read it with curiosity as it was being written.

"On frequent occasions whilst on this visit his hand was similarly moved in writing; and afterwards he went to stay with some other friends in Buckinghamshire, with whom he did not make a trial of this new power: but on his return home, after some weeks' absence, we for about two months watched with deep emotion the movement of his hand in writing and drawing; for sometimes, when he wished to write, his hand moved in drawing small flowers, such as exist not here; and sometimes when he expected to draw a flower, the hand moved into writing. The movement was in general most rapid, and unlike his own mode of writing or drawing; and he had no idea of what was being produced until it was in process of being done. Often, in the middle of writing a sentence, a flower or diagram would be drawn, and then suddenly the hand would go off in writing again."

The writings were of a religious character, and purported to be chiefly communications from his dead brother, and were to the parents "the assistance not so much of faith as of the certainty of knowledge of his happiness in the great spirit-world." The mother by perseverance was subjected to the same influence:

"With fond affection my wife tried for many weeks, with pencil in hand, if any movement could be made through her in writing; but no 'imagination' nor effort of the mind produced a movement, nor made her fancy that her hand moved when it did not. For weeks it was resolutely fixed; but at last on the 8th of January 1867, a slow and tremulous motion of the pencil commenced, and ended in the initial letters of our dear boy's name—'E. T. W.'—not in her natural handwriting, nor at all resembling it. Then some straight lines were made, and the day's work was done. The next day a somewhat similar movement of the hand was made; and on the day following a small and simple, but to us unknown, flower was drawn, instead of the writing which she expected; and the following day another flower, very small, but pleasing; then on half a sheet of

letter-paper a large flower was drawn, with tendrils and other parts of it, to form which the hand extended beyond the paper on to the table, and made it necessary to paste an additional sheet of paper at the side, and afterwards two additional sheets were found necessary to allow room for the completion of the flower. This was the first flower-form which was finished. It belongs to no known order, though it is of a beautiful and complex shape, and looks as if it might well have existence in nature, and be no small addition to the floral world.

"There was no 'imagination' nor fancy in the production of it; for, had there been, the original idea of the mind would have been followed by adapting the size of the paper in the first instance to the size of the flower that was to be drawn upon it. The mind was, during the whole process of drawing, in an entirely inactive state; and the only condition in which the movement would continue was by keeping the imagination, and all ideas on the subject of the picture, dormant.

"The movement, particularly in drawing the first outlines both of that and subsequent pictures, was by long and rapid sweeps upon the paper to form the stems and other parts of the flowers, and these were nearly always correct in the first instance, requiring no use of the india-rubber. Decided lines, beautiful forms, and combinations never before thought of, were thus produced in rapid succession.

"A large series of these drawings has been produced by devoting about an hour a day to the use and practice of this wonderful faculty. Several of these drawings are of large size—two feet by eighteen inches—but the majority about eighteen inches by twelve. It would be impossible, without seeing them, to form an idea of their nature and variety, so entirely new are they, and their newness is shown in so many striking points."

Mr. Wilkinson goes on to describe his wife's drawings,—what wonderful flowers they were, how singularly they were developed, how her hand wandered beyond the limits of her paper, how complicated circles were drawn with great accuracy, and transformed by after-touches into flowers:

"Several other pictures of flowers, principally of pendent bell forms, were, like all the others, first completely sketched before the shading was commenced. Now it will be seen that the whole idea of the picture is necessarily contained in these first lines of the sketching, although the meaning and necessity for each line is of course not apparent till it is worked out, and the whole is shaded and finished. Some of these bell-

pictures show a curious and exact knowledge of the law of the elasticity of the spring, as acted upon by the weight of the pendent bell; and in one picture this appears with the additional disturbance of one bell, which is in the act of forcibly pushing down another so as to throw it out of the line it would otherwise have formed; and yet, in making the sketch, she had no idea of its meaning, nor how it was to be subsequently carried out in the shading.

"These circumstances are mentioned to prove that some intelligent agent or influence was engaged in the work, entirely apart and distinct from the ordinary operations of the mind of the person engaged in producing the drawing; for not only was the drawing a new science to her, but she was not acquainted with botany, nor with the laws of art, with which, however, in the opinion of artists who have seen them, the pictures are replete. New ideas as to form, and new and striking effects of transparency, not before known in pencil-drawing, are produced; and in several of the pictures, according to the testimony of competent professional judges, there are a beauty and harmony of arrangement which bespeak art and a knowledge of the principles of composition.

"Another drawing, which was expected, like the others, to result in a flower, proved, when further advanced, to represent a house with fountains before it, and over the door is a cross with rays proceeding from it. The same beautiful symbol is at the top of the house, and under the cross the words, also written by the same influence, 'Lord, open to us.' At one side of this house, something resembling a ladder or stage of progression is drawn; and, still acting under the same influence, the hand has from time to time, at intervals of about a fortnight, made on each of the upward bars of the ladder the form of a small cross.

"It was also told by this influence that the house represented the state of our dear son in the spiritual world, and that the ladder related to his progress in divine knowledge and love; and that when the topmost stage of it was reached, it would be a sign to us that he had entered upon a higher state, which would be represented by his inhabiting a more beautiful house—one of the 'many mansions' of the progressing soul. Another symbol shown on one side of this drawing is a lamp, which is said to serve as an external conscience, and in which, according to its want of brightness, he sees and is reminded of all the unregenerate portions of his life; thus that this lamp, by its increasing brightness, shows his regeneration and progression, as the steps in the ladder also show the same, but in another form."

How you can tell that the drawings "show a curious and exact knowledge of the law of the elasticity of the spring," without knowing the weight of the bell or the strength of the spring, is not very clear; and this commendation may perhaps be taken as a measure of the author's power of estimating the real value of these drawings.

Meanwhile a power of involuntary writing had developed itself in Mr. Wilkinson's hand:

"I had for many weeks at intervals taken pencil in hand, and held it for several minutes at a time with no result, excepting the firmest conviction that it was of no use to try again, for that it was impossible for my hand to move; and my conviction was borne out by repeated failures. It never moved a jot; and though I gave not up the trial, I held the pencil without hope. At last, one evening at my house, in the presence of several gentlemen, I again held it; and after waiting less than five minutes it began to move, at first slowly, but presently with increasing speed, till in less than a quarter of an hour it moved with such velocity as I have never seen in a hand and arm before or since. It literally *ran away* in spiral forms; and I can compare it to nothing less than the fly-wheel of an engine when it has 'run away.' This lasted until a gentleman present touched my arm; when suddenly it fell, like an infant's as it goes to sleep, and the pencil dropt out of my hand. I had, however, acquired the power, and afterwards the same evening my hand gently drew some geometrical and some flower forms. The consequences of the violent motion of the muscles of the arm were so apparent, that I could not for several days lift it without pain.

"The producing of drawings soon ceased in my case; and in a day or two my hand, after going through a series of up-and-down strokes, moved into writing, and words and sentences were written which I can only say were not only entirely involuntary on my part, but I did not know, in many instances, how a word already begun would finish; and several times 'what I would, that I could not' write. No stronger proof could possibly be acquired for myself than that some intelligence other than mine, as it had never before been exercised, was at work in producing words which passed not through the ordinary channels of the brain.

"In this way, through my hand, it was told us that I should soon be able to write some explanation of the drawings of my wife, she not being able to write, but only to draw; and of many of her pictures I have thus written what are called descriptions of them; but unless the two are seen and read together, side by side, it will be impossible to convey

much idea to the reader's mind of how much or how little they fit together."

Mr. Wilkinson proceeds to relieve good people with the assurance that this occult power produced nothing bad, and to give us some specimens of those supernatural communications, of which the following may suffice :

"THE FLOWER OF HUMILITY. 6

"Why cannot I write of its beauty? Why does not its lovely form inspire my mind with ideas of its correspondences? 'Tis for want of knowledge of what it would say to me; 'tis because my state is not equal to know or to describe its meaning. Perhaps further on I may be able to say something of it—to see some part of its beauty and loving essence.

"Trust in the Lord, ye men, His creatures, and the offspring of His love. It is from Him alone that all your knowledge flows. Did He not make all things by His one eternal law of love, and give us to know what our hearts could receive? It is one thing to create, and that is his; it is ours only to perceive with labor and imperfection the small part of His works which can be revealed to us because of our want of love.

"Oh, may our love to Him increase! Then will our sight be opened to know Him more, and love him in fullness and in truth.

"This is not a flower of earth—it is not a flower of mortality; nor can it be understood by us while we are circled by our coil of flesh. It draws not its life from earth, nor from any earthly sphere, but from the love of our Heavenly King, who gives it to exist in highest states because it is the flower of high angelic beings. It is seen by them in ever-changing beauty, and it typifies their love to the Lord.

"Each of those beautiful stamens is a prayer of inmost heart-striving to approach the Lord in praise and thanksgiving, and showing the pure emanations of a humble spirit. How happy is he who can do likewise, and, with open heart and eyes suffused, can say—

"'Oh come, let us worship and bow down; and kneel before the Lord our Maker!'"

Others purport to come more directly from the spirit of the dead child, who signs himself "E. T. W.," so as to remove any possible doubt as to their origin.

Mrs. Wilkinson further acquired a power of improvising music, which Mr. Wilkinson is told is good (who ever told a lady her music was bad?); and on his wife asking "if she was spiritually guided by our dear boy," he got a piece of paper, and his hand moved in the words which follow :

"MUSIC.

"I am giving mamma the music she is playing. It is a hymn of praise to God for His mercy and His enduring never-ceasing love and care. Joy comes from Him and from His praise, and shows itself in sweetest music.

"All His works are musical in their divinest harmony, and join in the universal concert which is the condition of their creation and the expression of their love, returning in its circle from whence it came.

"I love to hear this music—more grand, more sweet, and more penetrating, as I learn more to know His works, and to see the infinite qualities they contain; but all in rhythm and divine perfection.

"Why is not all musical on earth? It is that man is discord and throws His sweetest works out of their created harmonies. Love and peace shall put them all in tune, and make Him all in all, and that is music.

"E. T. W."

Other communications are mentioned; and the dear boy's guardian-angel being applied to by mental inquiries, just as on earth anxious parents write to a schoolmaster, he kindly furnishes satisfactory accounts of his behavior and progress. Mr. Wilkinson concludes with an intimation that this power is not confined to his own family :

"I have now said enough to give some idea of the tendency of what has been drawn, and of what has been written, and what means the music that is played. There is much more that might be told, but perhaps there is already more than will be believed or received in a kindly heart. I will close by stating that the same power, both of drawing and of writing, was shown some months ago in two others of our children, one of nine, and the other of seven years old, and that they have both drawn curious and beautiful forms, suited to their years, of a holy symbolic kind. It has not had the least apparent physical or psychical effect upon them.

"To show that the power or faculty is not confined to a particular family, to a particular belief, or to a higher or lower state of the mind, but that, like all laws, it is general in its application, it is useful to tell that many persons we know have here developed this faculty, both of drawing and writing: their hands have been moved, generally at first in spiral forms; and of the first seventeen who sat down with a pencil, the hands of fifteen were moved in less than five minutes. These consisted of old and young and middle-aged; of male and female, married and unmarried; of physicians, barristers, students, English-

men and foreigners—a mixture of classes and conditions quite sufficient to give an average of those who can be so quickly acted upon. But I think it more probable that the faculty is universal.

"Several have in a few minutes become able to improvise in music; others I know who write involuntarily in verse, and some who have the power of speaking by impression in the same way as others write, and with an enlightenment not less wonderful than absorbing for its beauty."

Such is the substance of Mr. Wilkinson's personal narrative. The remainder of the book is filled with theories deduced from grounds of *à-priori* reasoning and human experience; and from these experiences in particular, with discussions on their nature and influence, deprecation of doubt, and statements of their vast importance at the present time for the spiritual regeneration of man, and earnest applications to us to receive them in a spirit of childlike faith.

The other work we have cited has nothing whatever human about it except the printer and publisher. From cover to cover it is the work of "an angel of heaven," who has dictated it word for word to a lady for our benefit. "*Ce que femme veut, Dieu veut*,"—how much more, then, a solitary mankind-angel; and we cannot help feeling that the present one has deferentially permitted the lady to suggest to him what he should dictate to her. At any rate, if any one be curious to know how an angel of heaven writes, we can assure him it is exactly as an amiable and enthusiastic woman would do, who possessed warm feelings, a devotional spirit, and a somewhat limited stock of ideas. He will find the angel in question without bigotry, and willing to submit his lucubrations to the judgment of his human readers; who are permitted, and even urged, to pass by his truths if they find themselves unequal to their acceptance. He will even find in him occasional signs of diffidence as to his being an angel in heaven, or a lady in the flesh. He insists strongly on the importance of an unqualified acceptance of every word of Scripture; and tells us the outward letter has an esoteric meaning, and sometimes more than one, each deeper and more interior than the other. And while he tells us he is sent to confirm our faith in the great Book of Life, and bids us set him aside if he contradict one word of the Bible, he gives us a signal example of the precariousness of

our trust in the meanings it is in our own power to extract; for one main object of his work is to contravene the saying of our Saviour, that after death we are neither married nor given in marriage, but are as the angels which are in heaven. These words are to be understood according to the spirit, not the letter; and so construed, they mean that there *are* marriages in heaven, with this distinction, that we are to them not conjugally but "conjugially" united, according to the spirit, not according to the flesh.

On this idea hinges the romance which is embodied in the work. The angel left this world at middle age, without having contracted any matrimonial tie; the lady through whom he reveals himself had been attached to him here, without any response on his part; and it was only after his removal to the angelic sphere that he discovered that holy and spiritual links united them; and it has been his special and exceptional happiness that the two should become conscious of this, and find themselves "conjugially" one in the bonds of spiritual wedlock, although so widely separated. While dealing largely and specially with the matrimonial relation of the heavenly state, the whole work is characteristically silent on the subject of the female angels and their attachments.

It is not easy to deal with the deep-seated delusions of a pure and amiable nature. It is impossible to doubt, that to print the lover-like expressions and flattering estimate even of an angel must have cost pain to a delicate mind, and can only have been done under a strong sense of duty. The work disarms ridicule. It is humble in all but its fundamental pretensions; and it persuades only, and that not without a certain graceful and feminine eloquence, to kindness of heart, purity of life, and devotion of spirit; one thing only in its tone we quarrel with, and that is naturally incidental to an absorbing interest in what may be called the external, spiritual world, viz. that prayer is apt to be considered less as the highest privilege of man than as a sort of talisman for the discernment of, the rectitude of competing spiritual claimants for the attention. It is possible the book may be in its form a *jeu-d'esprit*, and the angel-dictation only feigned as a device to gain attention for the ideas of the author; but to suppose this would be to compliment her good sense at the expense of

her delicacy, and would be inconsistent with the air of genuine, though here and there slightly mistrustful, conviction of the supernatural character of her experience which pervades the book. We much prefer to believe her the sincere subject of delusions which though mischievous, as all delusions must be, and not always consistent with good sense or good taste, have nothing in them repulsive or degrading.

There are, no doubt, a large number of minds to whom these angelico-feminine lucubrations and experiences, and a philosophy like that of Mr. Wilkinson, will appear too contemptible to merit a moment's consideration, and very unworthy of any serious discussion. Yet perhaps this is not entirely so. Estimable people do seriously believe in these things; and there are others who in refusing them credence, do so rather in conformity to the atmosphere of unhesitating rejection in which they live, than from real conviction of their falsity, and are even conscious of an effort to keep down a certain uneasy misgiving lest they should, after all, be turning a deaf ear to matters in which they ought to believe.

It may therefore be not entirely supererogatory to venture a few remarks on the nature, and more particularly the value, of this the latest and most fashionable form of assumed intercourse with what is called "the great world of spirits." As to the experiences of the Wilkinson family circle, to us they seem to present no such perplexing phenomenon as their exponent supposes. He has a chapter on doubts, in which he discusses the theories adverse to its supernatural solution, and disposes of them to his own satisfaction. He omits, however, the simple and obvious explanation that they immediately invite. He approaches it, indeed, near enough to say that they cannot be the work of the imagination; for that, he says, presupposes a conceived whole consciously worked out in its details. This is, no doubt, one way in which the imagination works; but either it or the subordinate fancy has an allied function much more unconscious in its working. "Find me a poet," says Mr. Wilkinson, "whose ordinary mode of writing his appreciations of the divine was not only not with labor and with difficulty, nor with a mind pregnant with the images to which he was giving birth, but without even having a cognate idea in his mind of what he was writing about. . . . Where is the artist

who sits down to his paper without an idea or an image of the picture he is to draw, who measures not with his mind and with his eye the combinations of his forms, and their fitness to the general design? Finally, who sits down thinking he will draw a flower, and whose hand flows off in writing?"

Perhaps it is too much to say that a poet ever writes "without a cognate idea in his mind of what he is writing about;" but neither does Mr. Wilkinson do this; his subject is always previously suggested to him, and prominent in his thoughts; he says himself he asks a mental question, and he knows really the sort of thing the hand or mind is expected to produce. On the other hand, every artist must be aware that he owes a great deal to the unconscious working of his mind or hand; hints seem to arise spontaneously, and much of his art consists in his availing himself of them, and giving them shape and consistency. A metaphor flashes across the mind, an imperceptible turn of the wrist adds an unpremeditated grace, which enchants with delightful surprise him from whose hand it flowed; and so little are we able to trace the fine clues of suggestion from which these things (often the best we are capable of) arise, that we use as a metaphor to describe their origin that which Mr. Wilkinson thinks a reality, and speak habitually of the "inspirations" of genius. No one has solved the problem of the mode in which thoughts spring up in the mind. We can direct the intellect to certain subjects, we can lead and control our thoughts; but we cannot explain their birth, nor understand the way in which they rise to the surface of the mind, like bubbles floating up in swift succession on water. They are part of the working of the mystery of life. To a certain extent we can voluntarily withdraw our control over them; sleep in general has this effect completely, and a thousand fantastic frivolous images, mingled with others of deeper import, all destitute of any apparent chain of connection, rise and break in swift succession. Thus we have no doubt it is true of most men,—men at least who have ever touched a pen or pencil at all, so that the hand is free to move,—that if they will sit with it often enough and long enough pointed to paper, they will begin to draw figures and write words; and that they may to a certain extent let the thoughts take their free course;

that they may in a great measure hold in abeyance the controlling power, and may easily persuade themselves, if they desire it, that they do so entirely. The large return Mr. Wilkinson makes of persons who on trying the experiment were spiritually guided, is probably due in great measure to the contagiousness of an example in so imitative a creature as man. But though some men, if uninformed of what was expected of them, might sit forever, pen in hand, without feeling any impulse to move it, there are those who would soon begin to draw or write—some determinately and to a fixed end; others vaguely and without purpose. It is in every idle schoolboy's experience that the sort of geometrical and flower figures Mr. Wilkinson describes, form themselves half unconsciously under his hand as he sits wondering whether he shall ever get his sum right. Our grandfathers and grandmothers had a recognized branch of painting, the technical name of which we have forgotten, but which may be found described in Gilpin. It consisted in making a blot of color on the paper, and pushing it about arbitrarily with the pencil, and then seizing hints from the accidental forms it assumed gradually to develop a landscape out of it. Such a work requires but little effort of mind, but to draw spirit flowers requires yet less. As to their beauty, that will depend, we think, on the person who holds the pencil; and the forms which proceed from the not consciously controlled meanderings of the fingers of a lady of refined mind, even if uncultivated in art, will very likely possess grace and elegance. Produced under the stimulus of excitement of the religious feelings and natural affections, her efforts, both in drawing and music, may surpass all that could previously have been anticipated from her. Did the drawings improve, as Mr. Wilkinson mentions? We have no doubt they did; and, indeed, we learn that she has advanced from flowers to houses and temples, and even to coloring, in which she exhibits a marvellous proficiency for a beginner. Progress, both in the delusion and in the execution, is what we should expect, as the mind became accustomed to work in this particular channel, and the hand gained facility by practice. The fancy may be fostered into very luxuriant growths. Shelley at one time in his life determined to note down his dreams; but he found that by

giving attention to them they became so protracted and detailed, that the narration of them would have occupied all his time. We give Mr. Wilkinson full credit for moral truthfulness, if not for intellectual accuracy and judgment. We think he is unnecessarily hard upon himself, when he says, that not to be able to decide after forty years' experience whether he moves his own hand himself, or whether it is moved by another power, argues utter imbecility. "Not to know," he proceeds, "whether or not he was aware in his intellect, or knowing power, previously to his hand moving of the direction it would take, would bespeak an entire absence of reason, and of the natural senses and faculties. Yet such is the utter imbecility imputed to us by those who try to explain by imagination a fact which they cannot otherwise dispose of." When a practised rider sits his horse, and accommodates himself to every movement of the animal, does he know beforehand what direction his body or arm will take as he sways the one ~~and~~ moves the other? Does an absorbed man never walk to the end of his garden-terrace, and feel surprised to find himself there? Is he conscious of how he put one foot before the other, and avoided the flower-beds? or does this procedure of his demand the theory that angelic attendants lifted his legs for him? The muscles are more under voluntary control than the thoughts; and it is unquestionable that the mind will work almost, if not quite, unconsciously, and will guide the hand, and moreover, that it will do so without trespassing over certain preconceived boundaries, and especially in directions long practised. To make ones-self the subject of the *argumentum ad absurdum* is an imprudent form of argument. No doubt Mr. Wilkinson believes his mind to have been absolutely passive when his hand was writing descriptions of his wife's drawings; certainly they bear more traces of raised feelings than of active intellect. The question, however, is, as to absolute passivity of mind; and here, though unwilling to adopt his own measure of the deduction to be drawn, we cannot help thinking he deceives himself. If, as he supposes, it is merely a spirit guiding the hand, the mind may not only be passive, but otherwise employed. Did Mr. Wilkinson ever try the experiment whether a spirit would use his arm to make connected revelations while the whole powers of his mind were

otherwise occupied, say in extracting a square root by mental arithmetic? or if that be easy to him, something harder, something which should engross his whole recollection; and that incessantly, for it is easy to draw flowers in the interstices of a mental process; many persons adorn their manuscripts with such things in the margins. The less skilful draw geometrical figures and flowers and sprigs, or rather perhaps what those who do not think them of angelic origin would conceive to be patterns for work on ladies' collars; the more advanced draw heads, figures, and landscapes, or even write a verse or two: and these things are done with every shade of volition, from conscious efforts at particular results to mere unconscious scrawling. Who has not been surprised at what he has thus made? who has not drawn faces not knowing how they would turn out, and given them their appropriate names after they were finished? Or take an analogous phenomenon of every-day occurrence: how is it that when we wish to copy a certain thing, say a mere profile, we cannot succeed, but draw something more or less different from what we intend to draw, and which yet has a definite signification of its own? So far from there being any difficulty in the unpremeditated production of forms which shall have every degree of completeness and significance, it is, on the contrary, the highest triumph of the artist to be able to subject his hand and whole delineating powers to his own absolute control, to make a perfect portrait, or exactly to reproduce in words or colors his own inward conception. Our whole life is made up of conscious and unconscious movement, the boundaries of which are often most intricately and perplexingly confused.

Is all that part of the life of mind and heart which springs from sources beyond our discernment, that which seems the spontaneous flow of thought and impulse, to be referred to the direct dictation of an intermediate class of beings superior to ourselves? Mr. Wilkinson does not hesitate to claim for them all this common origin; and maintains that

"All thoughts, all feelings, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,"
are the suggestions of spiritual beings either good or depraved. Indeed, the whole material world is, according to him, sustained and made manifest by their action. "Noth-

ing in this world is produced or presented to view, or experienced, but by means of spiritual *agency* in the hands of the Almighty." We ourselves are a field for the rival activity of angels and demons. It is in our power to pass judgment on these varied inspirations, to accept them or refuse them; and this process makes our lives. The theory is not new; in a more specific and detailed form, it was held by Origen, and is one of those purely speculative hypotheses which are scarcely amenable to the judgment. No doubt the supposition will explain the phenomena of unconscious action and untraceable suggestions. The theory of a living power, whose limits are unknown, acting in a manner which is unintelligible, will solve, as far as it solves at all, most difficulties. If I choose to assert that the reason of the sap rising in trees is that an angel visits them in spring, and draws up their juices by exhaling warm breath over their branches; or if I agree with certain nations that in an eclipse the sun is in danger of being devoured by some fearful celestial monster,—who is to prove me wrong? It may be shown me that other explanations are more in harmony with ascertained facts of the universe, but it is still in my power to maintain that these things are as I say, and to complain bitterly of the want of faith in my assertions. No doubt spiritual life underlies the material universe; no doubt the universe stands and lives by the creative, and most will think by the ever freshly-flowing creative, energy of the Divine Mind; it needs no messenger from Abraham's bosom to tell us this, nor, if we believed it not sure, could his coming assure us of it: the question is, whether, as some of our modern mystics hold, this world is a sort of dull reflex of another, the same, yet different, according to the doctrine of types; or whether the sustinment of life and thought and material existence in this world is a work delegated to the personal efforts of a class of celestial functionaries; and men, as it were, a set of discriminating French horns, on which any spirit may take his turn to try and play his own tune.

Of this theory it may be observed, that if such power is given to angels and demons, it is at least very strictly limited; and that it depends in very great measure, if not entirely, on ourselves, not only how we shall receive the suggestions of angels, but what sugges-

tions the angels shall make to us. No one, we suppose, will deny that the mass of a man's thoughts and impulses are in harmony with his character, and that even in sleep an idle and luxurious man dreams different dreams from one active and ambitious. The winged aspirations of Milton do not visit a sordid spirit; a man who has not studied mathematics makes not the prophetic guesses of Newton. Even the infantine Wilkinsons are so far in keeping with the rest of mankind, as to vent revelations "suited to their tender years." The more accurately we observe, the more distinctly we see that things come to men in exact proportion to their capacity to receive them; and we may well, therefore, believe that the flow of thought and impulse is arranged in some definite connection with the ever-varied and ever-changing forms of character and intellectual capacity, as they vary with original organization and subsequent training,—that they are bounded by definite laws, and not left to the direct and conscious industry of other beings of whose existence we are ignorant. Were it not so, the word "character" would not possess a meaning. To suppose that personal influence and effort, of all others the highest, should be employed as machinery for the production of our daily thoughts, seems to involve a waste of power very inconsistent with what else we know of the divine arrangements. By personal influence to guide man may be a task not unworthy of those far above him; but it is not very possible to believe that to be the anonymous manufacturer of all the thoughts, fancies, and impulses which flit through his heart and brain, whether awake or asleep, could afford scope for the activity of a higher class of beings. To appreciate what it would be, we must put ourselves in a corresponding position. Animals have doubtless some degree of self-determining power. To train a dog is no bad exercise of the faculties; but imagine what it would be for us to find an occupation in suggesting for his consideration such hints as, "Bark;" "Smell a rat;" "Chase a rabbit." Would the most zealous advocate of this theory like to find his sphere of activity in dictating the dreams and waking thoughts of a growing litter of pigs?

On the other hand, it is very possible that incidentally the lives of higher beings may influence us, just as men incidentally and

unconsciously on both sides influence one another. We do not here discuss the question how far the radiating influence of the lives of higher beings than ourselves may affect us. It is possible it may do so, as here we see the consequences of one man's act flowing in ever-widening circles of untraceable influence upon other men; and none can say that there are not other beings whose actions unconsciously modify, in common with those of other men, the mental and moral atmosphere we breathe. Neither do we here discuss the theory of *occasional* direct but concealed interference by suggestion from higher beings, though little disposed to believe in it, as loth to accept the idea of anonymous personal influence. Still less do we enter upon the subject how the Holy Spirit of God visits the spirit of men, to warn, to purify, to comfort, to sustain, or to inspire. We wish only to draw attention to the fact, that these are questions entirely different from that we have been dilating upon,—the hypothesis, that is, of universal spirit influence as the source of all our mental and moral activity; and still more, from the more modern and special teaching of Mr. Wilkinson and his fellow laborers, that a new era has arrived, in which spirits are to be self-revealed to us, and we are to receive the communications of recognized individual members of another world, and moreover, to receive from them not mere suggestions, but inspired knowledge of particular facts hitherto beyond our cognizance. Mr. Wilkinson presents himself as one who has himself experienced such intercourse, and publishes the results for our benefit. Though such an inquiry inevitably exposes us to the stigma which in the minds of these supernaturalists always attaches to the demand of any reason for a new belief, it is impossible to help inquiring on what ground Mr. Wilkinson bases his own convictions, and demands our confidence.

When asked what induced him to give admission to the impression that the drawings and writings he describes came from his dead son, he tells us "it was too beautiful a thought not to be a true one." "Not a few," he says elsewhere, "have said that all they saw and heard was beautiful, and they only wished they could believe it to be true; thus not recognizing the great spiritual truth that all which is really beautiful must of necessity be true." Do people really deceive themselves

with such expressions? Are beautiful fancies existing facts? There is a sense in which the Beautiful is the True. Sir Edward Bulwer wrote them thus with capital initials, and maundered a good deal about them, some years ago; but he used the True in contradistinction to the Real. Did the Ulysses of Homer ever live? is the play of *Cymbeline* a proof that the things there related took place as there described? or are all the dreams of all the poets unreal, and only the dreams of Mr. Wilkinson true? When we ask on what grounds, however he himself may have been convinced, others are to give their assent to the reality of these things, we are desired to exercise a childlike faith. This we confess is a little irritating. Trust can only be reposed in persons. In whom is this childlike faith to be reposed? In Mr. Wilkinson, Mrs. Wilkinson, and the younger branches of the Wilkinson family. On their sound sense and discretion, the moral certainty they can give us they are not self-deluded, rests the whole supposed revelation, if it is to be received as a matter of faith. On what grounds does this family circle arrogate so unlimited a confidence? The ancient Roman Church, grown grey in power, and crowned with mighty intellects, her annals starred with the names of saints and martyrs, makes the same demand, bids us trust her, and reap the fruit of faith. Do we deny her, to bend before every self-established communicant with the so-called spiritual world? Any man may be convinced that he has received a revelation; it may approve itself to him by internal evidence which it is impossible for him to resist: but he cannot convey this certainty to another mind; and the only way in which it can be accepted as a matter of faith, is by an implicit trust in the accuracy as well as the integrity of him who offers it. Such an acceptance is one independent of the judgment; we believe without inquiring. There is also an acceptance based upon the judgment. A revelation may be accompanied by external signs appreciable by others than he who is the channel of it, and which by their character indicate a supernatural origin; the matter of it may approve itself to the judgment from its accordance with existing intuitions, experience, and conviction; and furthermore, the judgment may and does pronounce also upon the character and moral and intellectual trustworthiness of the revealer. Practically, we rely in part on

the judgment, in part on the moral confidence excited by the person; and in the great revelation in which we trust, this confidence was inspired by the personal presence, the life, and actions of him who promulgated it, and the Life was at least no less a revelation than the teachings. Our faith can have no place in an anonymous revelation, or, what is much the same thing, one made by a person of whom we know nothing.

The only new things in the present revelations, beyond the fundamental assumption on which they are based of direct personal communications between spirits and men, are certain special facts, as that there is marriage in heaven, that beasts exist there in a certain way, that there are houses and flowers there, that little boys are taught by guardian-angels and wear purple tunics, &c.; and there are also certain other ideas previously more or less received, which are presumed to receive the confirmation of an unquestionable authority from the same source, as that the soul does not linger in the grave, that a man will issue in the next world as he has framed himself by his life here, &c. On the probable truth of the first class of special minutiae the judgment can form no opinion. There is a certain class of great revealed facts connected with man's spiritual and moral nature, and the experience of his life and heart, on which it can do so. It can say, or if unable to decide, it can learn by trial, whether the teaching be true that self-sacrifice is greater than self-seeking, activity than sloth, forgiveness than revenge, the spirit of trust, than the spirit of suspicion. But on matters of fact not thus connected with our existing knowledge or capacities, it can say nothing. There may be a thousand conflicting statements among which it can make no choice whatever. That angels are in the habit of communicating with their fellows by means of horses and other creatures with scrolls in their mouths, who rise into existence for the nonce; that a particular little boy resides in a particular little house, of which a drawing is furnished, and has his stage of spiritual advancement marked by the position of a cross on a ladder; that a man who was blind here to the attachment he has inspired may reciprocate it after he has become an angel; that there is an intermediate stage in the next world devoted to reading the Bible, under the superintendence of a tutorial angel,

—on all these points it is impossible for the judgment to come to a conclusion. They may be true; trivial and impertinent as some of them seem, no man at least can prove them to be false; but if we are to believe them, it can only be by virtue of an unlimited confidence in the spirits from whom they are said to be derived, and in those who say they derive them from spirits.

It is of importance too to observe that the kind of information professed to be obtained from these sources is not of the slightest use to men. A revelation of facts descriptive of a mode of existence entirely different in kind from our own can neither exercise the intellect nor subserve the life. It cannot exercise the intellect, for no activity of mind can acquire it or test it, nor can we extend it one inch. It is a deposit of dead barren scraps of information, of which we are the passive recipients. It is a great thing for an astronomer to weigh a fixed star; but for an ignorant man to have the weights of every star in the heavens dictated to him would be of no profit to him. The divine providence has not hitherto made arrangements for gratifying the idle curiosity to which alone this kind of angelic information can minister; and there seems to be every *à priori* reason for believing that the original plan still remains adhered to, by virtue of which man is not supplied with ready-made knowledge through a process of dictation, but only furnished with the capacity and the materials for acquiring it. That the affections would find a solace in communications with the spirits of the dead, if such a privilege were accorded, we do not deny, and most men will regard with compassion rather than rigor the weakness of a mother, too prone to believe that her dead child can whisper comfort across the grave, and confide his infantile experiences of heaven as freely as he did those of earth; but it is not easy to extend the same indulgence to a man who makes his delusions the basis of a new philosophy, and the inauguration of a new religious era.

Nothing can be more ridiculous than the contrast between the importance attached by enthusiastic votaries to a belief in ghosts or spiritual communications, and the actual results attained even on their own showing. Mrs. Crowe, speaking of the reports of our future state, says, they "may perchance turn out to have a deeper interest for us than all

those various questions, public and private, put together with which we are daily agitating our minds." How can this be? It is here we are living, not there; whatever may be the exact conditions of our future existence, we know what the grand ones are; we know that it is by our life here that we must be fitted to avail ourselves of the highest promises of that which is to come. And can any thing be more absurd than to say, that prying into its details a little before the time is of more importance to us than the study and practice of those things, our conduct among which will practically influence our existence in that new world, perhaps for evermore? What would Mrs. Crowe think of a farmer who should devote himself to the study of Zadkiel's Almanac for next year, and maintain that this was of far more importance than sowing his wheat now?

This lady, unwilling to treat us as absolute disbelievers, reproaches us with the lightness of our belief in ghosts. A firmer confidence in them would give, she thinks, to our ideas of immortality certainty and definiteness. Now most of us are pretty well convinced of our immortality, and those who are not will hardly yield to the witness of ghosts. He, indeed, who has seen a person returned from the grave, and convinced himself that what he saw was an existent being, and neither a delusion nor a mere floating film or mechanical reproduction of a formerly-existing form,—such a man has gained a new certainty of the life beyond the grave of a particular person; but the evidence which, at present at least, can be furnished to men in general of the nature of such appearances is certainly not calculated to supply them with any additional grounds of certainty. As to definiteness, ghosts at least have been wise enough not to attempt this. They are not communicative; and this is very much in their favor as compared with their friends the spirits and angels. They commit themselves much less. They very rarely speak at all; when they do, it is curtly, and without descending to particulars. Few, if any, have carried the matter further than the celebrated ghost of Ficinus, who, having agreed with his friend Michael Mercato that he who died first should appear, if possible, and bear evidence to the other world, did so appear after death; and galloping up to the door of his friend early in the morning, dressed in white, on a white horse,

cried under his window, "O Michael, O Michael! those things are true;" and so rode away again at the gallop. Mercato did not profess to see more than the back of this ghost, riding fast; but the story is so picturesque that it finds universal credence, and we are gravely assured that Baronius, who tells it, was a man of great probity, and had it from Mercato's grandson. Whether the grandson was a man of great probity does not appear, nor from whom he had it. But ghosts, though taciturn, vary in their behavior; and if we are to become disciples of Mrs. Crowe, and believe all that is reported of them, our ideas of the world we are hereafter to inhabit might be definite, but they would certainly be confused. Some of us that died of drowning are to remain wet through; others are to sit as torchlights on our graves,—a tedious and unprofitable way of spending eternity, so it seems at least; others of us, again, can come out of our graves to enjoy the society of our lovers, and even carry back presents we receive into the sepulchre with us. We shall not rest, witnesses a German ghost (they have such odd notions, those German ghosts), unless we pay our tobacconist's bill, and return any magic-lantern slides we may have borrowed; it may make part of our amusement to throw hair-brushes at lieutenants; we may range the universe or be *glebae adscripti*, and only have the run of an old house, or pace up and down a tombstone. Some of us are in irons, some of us are headless. We may find our punishment within us; or, again, we may be condemned to the more orthodox hell, which the young Glasgow rake visited before his time, apparently fresh from the perusal of *Vathek*, and found his dead acquaintance playing loo and exercising their other favorite vices, each with a burning flame in his bosom. It is from want of consideration of this varied information, derivable from ghostly sources, Mrs. Crowe tells us, that "when we are about to die we are seldom in a situation to do more than resign ourselves to what is inevitable." Seldom indeed!

Men have ever been familiar with the idea that the spirit does not rest with the body in the grave, but passes at once into new conditions of being. The opinion has gained adherence, and disputes the ground with the more material one that it rests in sleep with the body, to await one common day of awak-

ening and judgment; and so confused are the common impressions on the subject, that you may hear a clergyman, in a funeral sermon, deliberately giving expression to both in one discourse, and telling you in the same breath that my lady lately deceased is a patient inhabitant of the tomb and a member of the angelic company. But the idea of uninterrupted life has so strong a hold on the affections, which cannot bear the idea of even the temporary extinction of that which they cling to, that it has the instinctive adherence of almost every one who has felt deeply and stood face to face with death. Again, that heaven and hell are states, not places; that the mind of itself can make a hell of heaven, and heaven of hell; and that the rebellious spirit brings "within him hell and round about him,"

"Nor from hell

One step, no more than from himself, can fly
By change of place;"—

these are not new lights of the day. Whatever a man may choose to imagine or believe to be revealed as to future conditions of existence, yet that sin can bring its own punishment, and that the spirit can find room within itself for terrors too awful to contemplate, and joys ineffable, are truths within the actual experience of many. We can but smile, then, at the idle boast which affirms that we owe these ideas to the reappearance of the dead and the penetration of spirit-seers. And when the advocates of these new sources of information claim such accordant testimony as they may afford on these and similar points as proof of the truth of what they tell us, is it not pretty clear that they are availing themselves—some consciously, others unconsciously—of previously existing impressions, especially as they diverge in the most wonderful way, when they come to details? Whom are we to believe, St. Theresa, with her hosts of Jesuits treading the courts of heaven in white garments, with floating banners; Jacob Behmen, with his cosmical revelations, his "Yea and Nay," and his seven principles or "Mothers of Existence;" Swedenborg, with his picturesque imagery and his profound thoughts shaped in delusive forms; or some one of a host of others, down to the more shallow and vulgar seers and rappers of modern America, all alike making demands upon our faith?

The ancient mystics had some claim to our

admiration and respect in the merciless self-denial, the devoted self-abnegation, or the tasked thought through which they strove to penetrate to the sphere of central illumination; but the wind is tempered to the shorn capacities of the modern lamb. The royal road to supernatural knowledge is open indeed, where every one may run who can only hold a pen in his hand. The more ignorant one is of what other men know, the more important it is to be enlightened in matters of which they are ignorant. He who has every thing else to learn, is the most intent upon being well informed on disembodied spirits; another, who finds natural science hard, believes his Maker has confided to him, without any effort of his own, an instinctive short-cut to the symbolic meanings of the universe, and rushes into types and ante-types; the devil himself cannot spell well, and the angels dictate bad grammar. But this knowledge is not always to be trusted. Apart from all the chances of error among the interpreters, it seems the spirits themselves are not to be implicitly confided in; we are warned against lying spirits, and a taste for mischief is not confined to the flesh.* Some, we are gravely told, *can* only give you back your own preconceived answer to a question; nor can we help suspecting that this reasonable limitation applies to them all. The strong sense of the danger of an opening to disorder which appears in the more candid of these writings is itself an evidence, if one were needed, of the closeness with which imposture and charlatanism tread on the heels of delusion.

If these so-called revelations are based on fact, and not the echos of the intelligence of the revealers, varying with themselves and the

* We have heard a story which sets the occasional mendacity of spirits in a strong light. A lady visiting at a house where two of the children were remarkable for their command of spiritual intercourse, had in some way or other made her absence desirable to these young people. It was accordingly revealed to them that her husband was ill in London, and required her immediate presence. The lady, possibly from the very fact of her being a believer, possessed more faith in the constitution of her husband than in the competency of the seers; she stayed quietly where she was, and listened with incredible calmness to fresh revelations of the worst aggravation of his symptoms. Soon a letter arrived to say he then was and had been perfectly well. On this news being submitted to the juvenile seers, they were not the least discomposed, but cried, "Oh, it's that horrid Lord Byron again; he's always coming and telling us some flam or other." Perhaps the children were mistaken; if not, the punishment of the author of *Don Juan* in the next world has been heavy indeed.

age in which they live, a curious question suggests itself as to what has become of the devil. He was well known in the middle ages, and far more familiar with us than the angels; was constantly seen about till quite lately, and had abundance of avowed disciples. Why do we never hear of him now? and what has become of his well-accredited imps, his witches, and the grotesque faces he used to pull? He can't be dead, for practically he is as active as ever. Can any sufficient reason be given for his having retired so completely from the boards of the supernatural theatre?

As to the religious tone which prevails in the two works we have selected, we do not wish to question the sincerity and piety of the minds that have dictated these revelations to themselves, or doubt that they are published from a conscientious sense of their importance, and the duty of making them known,—a duty which, to the authoress of the *Angel's Message*, it would be unfair to doubt was a painful and difficult one. But they do not fill up the promises with which they are preluded. There is in them nothing of that power with which a mere mortal endowed with genius lays bare the secrets of our hearts, and the true sources of our sins and our consolations, gives a new application to old principles, and a fresh hold to old truths. If these spirits and angels were to preach from our pulpits, we should listen to them with the respect and attention a sermon always commands; but we should not wish to sit under them habitually; we should shrink a little from a certain tone of sentimental familiarity. They enjoin the love of God and love of man with feeble ejaculatory eloquence, and dilate on the attributes of the Divine Being with mild insipid enthusiasm. There is a certain frothiness of devotional sentiment about them; the great lessons of the Great Master are *réchauffé*, and served up tepid: truths divine come any thing but mended from their tongues.

Scepticism is a word used for two very different attitudes of mind: for the temper which is unwilling to give its adhesion to any but the most definitely ascertainable certainties, and hangs long, perhaps ever, in doubt whether to believe or not in asserted truths. This is the scepticism of the intellect. But there is another, and one which justifies the odium which attaches to the word, that of the heart,—the scepticism which cannot rest in

personal confinement when certainties are hidden from its eyes; which must have sight, and cannot walk by faith; which, according to the characteristics of the minds in which it prevails, here grasps a negative, and there gives the welcome of unlimited credulity to the most unbiased affirmatives. We have said of the demand which the spirit-seers make upon our faith for the acceptance of their revelations, that if we are to exercise faith in the matter, it must be a personal trust in the seers themselves. But they don't exactly mean to demand this,—what they really ask is, that we should have faith in asserted facts independently of the evidence; they misuse the word, and simply under its sanction implore us to be credulous. It is curious to see these new revealers of hidden things declaiming against science and a scientific age. It is a scientific age; and they are themselves the most remarkable proof of it, and the worst example of its worst tendencies. It is the worst tendency of too exclusive a devotion to science, that it tends to blind us to the truths of the heart, and leads us to rely too exclusively upon truths of the perceptions and the intellect; and what is it but a shallow hungering after tangible certainties which leads men to ask for a knocking at the table to convince them that their dead relatives yet live, and movements of the elbow, or the whispered words of an angel, to assure them of the love of God and the beauty of holiness,—which leads them to “peep and botanize” on the grave, and to mistake in their eager credulity the pale meteors of the night for the shining through of the coming morning?

Not that any one with a heart to feel, or an imagination to be moved, can in his deeper moods look with other than earnest solicitude, with awe and profound stirrings of the emotions, into the life that lies beyond, but we know not how close to this; which must soon receive ourselves, and into which has already passed so much that seemed very part of our own being; whose gates have been so often washed with our tears, and from whose silence we have so passionately implored a sign. So passionately and so unavailingly! For there are times when faith is weak, and the heart yearns for knowledge; when it seems to us as if all hopes and fears were bound up around the insupportable longing for one gleam, however brief, of certainty to shine through the darkness. We know there is no

answer to this cry, day by day climbing after the wings of death from many a desolated home. But is it meant to be indulged? is what is denied to this supplication to be granted to a cold—and what we may even call, as it is sometimes manifested, a prurient—curiosity? It is sometimes the hardest trial of human nature to rest upon the silence of God; but is it better to do so, or to seek consolation in rapping of tables? We have seen a woman gray with grief and years, who, having lost her children in early life, refused to leave her chamber, and devoted herself to the perusal of all the books which should solve the question of immortality, and give her a certainty that those she had lost yet lived. She pored incessantly in her solitary life over metaphysics and philosophy; and the suns of many years rose on eyes quenched in tears, and a spirit in which hope gained no fresh ground against despair. Yet such an intellectual research is at least nobler than the shallowness which finds its certainty in its own or others' delusions, and exchanges the broad support of personal trust in the divine character for the feeble sustinment of these self-styled revelations, and will rather ask questions from some Transatlantic impostor than from the hopes and the affections implanted in our own hearts. We make no protest against the due acceptance of new facts. We assert of nothing in our relations to the spiritual world that it is impossible. Where there is truth, it is great, and will prevail. We desire only that facts should be dealt with as facts, and rigidly investigated. It is enough to say, as Lord Bacon says of the learning upon angels and spirits, that it is not deficient in quantity, “but may rather be challenged in many of the writers thereof as fabulous and fantastical.” What we protest against is the summons to acquiesce without evidence,—the confusion between moral faith and unfounded belief; we protest against credulity and the scepticism which allies itself so closely with it. We do but repeat what was said of old to those who distrusted the Son of Man, and asked for a miracle,—that it is the spirit of a faithless generation which seeks after a sign. And we cannot avoid here alluding to one almost universal feature of this class of writings, as another indication of mistrustfulness: this is, the excessive importance assigned to the letter of detached passages of Scripture, and the notion that if you get a

bit of the Bible, you must be right, though you sever its connection and twist it from its meaning. Bibliolatry, like all other idolatry, is the offspring of a want of trust in higher things; and it is pitiable to see men, instead of striving to penetrate to the real meaning and true significance of the great record of God's dealings with man, hanging texts about their souls as if they were bladders, which could float them through the sea of doubts and uncertainties in which we struggle.

In the great and awful questions which have ever perplexed the human soul,—the conditions of the hereafter, and the prospect of the disencumbered spirit,—the attitude of trustful patience best becomes a man. It may be that some light will be given us in this direction even here, that some portion of the present field of our intuitions may be included within that of the intellect; and no man will wisely turn away from new light, if it only be light; but he who has observed how often in the history of the world such hopes have been disappointed, and how often false gleams have misled mankind, will be slow to believe that the curtain can be withdrawn; and though willing to receive at their full value any ascertained facts with which he comes in contact, will rather choose to use his ignorance aright than to harass himself with fruitless efforts to investigate problems which both *à priori* considerations and the experience of men lead him to believe are, for the present at least, beyond his solution. We repeat, that it is not to any special belief in particular phenomena we object: a man may have convincing evidence to his own mind for the appearance of ghosts, or the phenomena of clairvoyance, possibly even for the communications of spirits; but what we assail is, the spirit of distrust in the divine arrangements for the future, which displays itself in a pursuit after such things so eager as to overbalance the judgment; the faithless enthusiasm which snatches at these unascertained molecules of fact as if they alone gave certainty, and were the true dependence for the mind,—as if by such slender and ill-knitted threads as these we hung suspended over the abyss of doubt and despair. We contrast the mind of a man who in the darkness submits to it, and feels his way along, in patient confidence that the night will pass, with that of one who snatches the flints from the ground, and strives to dispel the blackness by the evanes-

cent sparks he can strike out,—the temper of him who when cast on the great sea, and the waters go over him, trusts the innate buoyancy of his frame and the sustaining power of the water, and thus floats in self-command upon the surface, with that of another who snatches for support at every straw and fragment that floats within his reach.

We may well retort the reproach of those who claim a special interest in things spiritual. It is sometimes out of slowness to perceive what lies close around us that we go far to seek its imaginary likeness; like one who studies the affections in novels instead of exercising them in his home. Are we not all spirits in the flesh? Is not this world full enough of spiritual phenomena and spiritual realities? Are we, the units of homes, the citizens of states,—we who have the poor ever with us, and who recognize ourselves and one another as the children of God,—are we so destitute of spiritual society, that we are driven to accept as a momentous addition to our knowledge these geometrical flower-drawings, nice little sermons, and cottage architecture of a little boy out of the body? Grant all his mixture of pretty filial tenderness, angelic Sunday-school teaching, and pleasant interest in heavenly toys, his lambs and golden ships with sails of purple silk, to be true, what does it advantage us? Our spiritual life is here; and it better becomes us to attend to it; and eat the bread of faith appointed for us, than to be hanging about the gates of the other world, stretching out our hands for eleemosynary scraps of information as to how life is conducted there.

And yet these people do claim to be the exponents of a revelation which in some special sense they call spiritual. They, of whose position it is the very essence that they are discontented and unsatisfied with such revelations as the Eternal Spirit makes to the spirit of man, each man for himself in the silence of his own heart, as he is fitted to receive it for his own guidance, and only in its operation on his life and as transmitted through its operation in moulding his spirit capable of influencing other men: they, whose very distinction it is to require something different from this,—something they can see and hear,—who seek proof for the senses, and insist that the spiritual intercourse on which they pride themselves shall

come through material vehicles, and be appreciable to the eye, the hand, or under its most refined conditions be whispered to the intellect!

It is a fact which ghost and spirit seem to have too little considered, that it is the most spiritual minds which really concern themselves the least with external and sensible manifestations of things spiritual. The consciousness of their own hearts suffices them. They need not to go out of themselves, or to look beyond their living fellow-men, to be sensible of, and even to be oppressed with, the vast significance, the ever-present reality, of that inner world in which our truest and deepest life lies hidden, and which the material universe, and the machinery of external life, cover, as the flame of the lamp covers the changes of the elements on which it feeds and by which it lives. The man from whom the secrets of his own heart are hidden, who has never felt profoundly that he himself is a living spirit, may put futile questions to the unanswering dead, and invoke the world-worn necromantic nostrum in some modern shape to solve his doubts and satisfy a vain curiosity. It is as if one in the valley should search with a telescope whether the wind blows on the mountain-top: he who stands there and feels it on his face is the better informed. Some men at least have known that there is such a thing as a spiritual influence on the human heart; and men who have been thus privileged will not confound knowledge about spirits with spiritual wisdom. Comparatively they will care little (even if they can be induced to believe it) that you may have such knowledge dictated to you by sitting passively with a pen in the hand, and that after a course of spirals your elbow and wrist will diverge into detailed information as to another state of existence.

History bears witness that the nations of the deepest spiritual convictions have least concerned themselves to discover or invent an airy world of spirit-life outside their own. The light Greek peopled the universe with finer existences than his own. Wood and mountain, sea and sounding shore, the streams and sloping pastures, were thronged and haunted by thin ethereal forms of beauty, the pregnant offspring of his wonder and his quick outward working fancy. In high heaven he set the gods, corporeal deities, and gave a person and a life to every passion.

All spiritual things froze in his hands into cold crystalline forms, like a glittering fret-work of ice along the side of running water. It was not love of beauty, creative imagination, and subtle intellectual perception alone that made him figure love as a winged boy, and give to the sharp torments of remorse the shapes of women armed with scourges; it was an activity in these faculties disproportioned to his inner sense of the depth and reality of the things on which they laid hold. He was aware of, but was not absorbed into, that inner world in which they are realities,—

“The passion and the life whose fountains are within.”

It was a vividness of imaginative perception outbalancing the apprehension of feeling and experience. What nation has surpassed the Greek in subtle and refined speculations as to the nature of the soul, or turned so steady, keen, and scrutinising an eye on the profoundest recesses of our mental existence? Your modern seer loves to call Plato to witness to what his new supernatural informants have confided to him.

But the Hebrew, of a deeper, sornbrer cast, whose character made him the fitting recipient of the great revelation that God is one and a Spirit,—poetic in temperament rather than in intellect,—could not escape the dread depths of his own nature, and found something there so awful and so real, that he was never tempted to make spiritual life the plaything of his fancy or the whetstone of his intellect. What the other looked outwards for, he felt within; the future, into which the other gazed so eagerly, he looked on with indifferent eye. The Athenian mind, straining on the highest wing of intellectual aspiration, grasped at some safe conviction of immortality as at a glorious yet half-ellusive vision. The Jew rested on hope, or even with singular apathy passed the question by; and this probably arose, in part at least, from the fullness of the significance he gave to this present life, and the sense of immediate dependence and consciousness of actual intercourse so prominent in the Old Testament. He who wrote the eighty-eighth psalm, with its terrible expression of the suffering of spiritual destitution, and its passionate implorings for present restitution on this side the grave, had too deep a concern with what now is to be

busy with what lay beyond it, and needed to clear his spiritual eye no help from Seeress of Prevorst, angel Wilkinson, and that class of informants :

"O Lord God of my salvation, I have cried day and night before thee :

"Let my prayer come before thee : incline thine ear unto my cry ;

"For my soul is full of troubles : and my life draweth nigh unto the grave .

"I am counted with them that go down into the pit : I am as a man that hath no strength :

"Free among the dead, like the slain that lie in the grave, whom thou rememberest no more : who are out of remembrance, and they are cut off from thy hand.

"Thou hast laid me in the lowest pit, in darkness, and in the deeps.

"Thy wrath lieth hard upon me : and thou hast afflicted me with all thy waves. . . .

"I am shut up and I cannot come forth. My sight faileth for very trouble : Lord, I have called daily upon thee, I have stretched forth my hands unto thee.

"Wilt thou show wonders to the dead? shall the dead arise and praise thee?

"Shall thy lovingkindness be declared in the grave? or thy faithfulness in destruction?

"Shall thy wonders be known in the dark? and thy righteousness in the land of forgetfulness?

"But unto thee have I cried, O Lord ; and in the morning shall my prayer prevent thee.

"Lord, why castest thou off my soul? why hidest thou thy face from me?"

He who wrote thus, had learned in his anguish a truth which lies too often hidden from these people, who are so eager to pull down the heavens into our mortal sphere. He knew, he felt, that spiritual things are spiritually discerned. The soul that can sympathize, however faintly, with his experience, is not likely to become engrossed with the floriculture, the architecture, and the costume of the future world ; even the classification of the angels does not interest it. Deeper things of the spirit than these are part of its every-day life.

ARY SCHEFFER.—The steamer Arabia brings intelligence of the death of Ary Scheffer, one of the most distinguished painters of the modern romantic school of art. He was born at the Hague, in Holland, in 1795, and at the age of twelve executed a picture which was the astonishment of all Amsterdam. In 1809 he removed with his mother to Paris, where he was educated in the school of Pierre Guérin, after whose dry classical style his early pictures were painted.

Gifted by nature with truth and warmth of feeling, the young artist yearned for something more genuine than this. A German cast of mind, and an intimate knowledge of the German language and literature, revealed to him in the works of Goethe and Schiller, a fruitful fount of inspiration ; and shaking off the fetters of the old classical school, he too helped clear the path towards the romanticism which succeeded it. The original and highly imaginative treatment of subjects by the German poets, suggested frequent themes for his pencil, and the artist and the poet reciprocally aided in establishing each other's fame.

To this period of his life, commencing about 1825, belong some of his best pictures, remarkable for combining keen poetic feeling with exquisite execution, harmony of color, and genuine artistic effects. They include various scenes from "Faust," from Burger's, Schiller's, Goethe's, and Uhland's ballads, "Francesca di

Rimini and Paolo encountering Virgil and Dante in the Inferno," "Christ Comforting the Weary and Heavy-Laden," "The Dead Christ," the several exquisite pictures of "Mignon," &c. Of these, "Count Eberhard der Greiner, Weeping over the Dead Body of his Son," from Uhland's well-known ballad, which is in the possession of the Boston Athenæum, is a good example of his method of interpreting the German poets of the romantic school. A large series of pictures executed for the Museum at Versailles, representing epic scenes in French history, are less effective, being deficient in harmony of style and color, owing perhaps to their large size, and characterized in some parts by negligence or affectation. His later pictures which are more simply conceived than his earlier ones, are finished with more uniform carefulness, but lack his old vigorous treatment. The artist, living in retirement, and wholly devoted to his art, seems to have been surrounded by an atmosphere of purity, which impregnates his later works. Hence originated a third style, in which color and effect are sacrificed to correctness of composition and outline. The simplicity and holy purity of his females figures are wonderful, but they are clay-cold in color, and seem lifeless as the canvas on which they are painted. Scheffer was a man of singularly simple and retiring manners, and his studio in Paris was his world, outside of which he rarely went.—*New York Evening Post*, 29 June.

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

As far as I can remember, it was very soon after this that I first began to have the pain in my hip, which has ended in making me a cripple for life. I hardly recollect more than one walk after our return under Mr. Gray's escort from Mr. Lathom's. Indeed, at the time, I was not without suspicions (which I never named) that the beginning of all the mischief was a great jump I had taken from the top of one of the styles on that very occasion.

Well, it is a long while ago, and God disposes of us all, and I am not going to tire you out with telling you how I thought and felt, and how, when I saw what my life was to be, I could hardly bring myself to be patient, but rather wished to die at once. You can every one of you think for yourselves what becoming all at once useless and unable to move, and by and by growing hopeless of cure, and feeling that one must be a burden to some one all one's life long, would be to an active, wilful, strong girl of seventeen, anxious to get on in the world, so as, if possible, to help her brothers and sisters. So I shall only say, that one among the blessings which arose out of what seemed at the time a great, black sorrow was, that Lady Ludlow for many years took me, as it were, into her own especial charge; and now, as I lie still and alone in my old age, it is such a pleasure to think of her.

Mrs. Medicott was great as a nurse, and I am sure I can never be grateful enough to her memory for all her kindness. But she was puzzled to know how to manage me in other ways. I used to have long, hard fits of crying; and, thinking that I ought to go home—and yet what could they do with me there?—and a hundred and fifty other anxious thoughts, some of which I could tell to Mrs. Medicott, and others I could not. Her way of comforting me was hurrying away for some kind of tempting or strengthening food—a basin of melted calves'-foot jelly was, I am sure she thought, a cure for every woe.

"There! take it, dear, take it!" she would say; "and don't go on fretting for what can't be helped."

But I think she got puzzled at length at the non-efficacy of good things to eat; and one day, after I had limped down to see the doctor, in Mrs. Medicott's sitting room—a

room lined with cupboards, containing preserves and dainties of all kinds, which she perpetually made, and never touched herself—when I was returning to my bedroom to cry away the afternoon, under pretence of arranging my clothes, John Footman brought me a message from my lady (with whom the doctor had been having a conversation) to bid me go to her in that private sitting-room at the end of the suite of apartments, about which I spoke in describing the day of my first arrival at Hanbury. I had hardly been in it since; as, when we read to my lady, she generally sate in the small withdrawing-room out of which this private room of hers opened. I suppose great people do not require what we smaller people value so much,—I mean privacy. I do not think that there was a room which my lady occupied that had not two doors, and some of them had three or four. Then my lady had always Adams waiting upon her in her bed-chamber; and it was Mrs. Medicott's duty to sit within call as it were, in a sort of ante-room that led out of my lady's own sitting-room, on the opposite side to the drawing-room door. To fancy the house, you must take a great square, and halve it by a line; at one end of this line was the hall-door, or public entrance; at the opposite the private entrance from a terrace, which was terminated at one end by a sort of postern door in an old grey-stone wall, beyond which lay the farm buildings and offices; so that people could come in this way to my lady on business, while, if she were going into the garden from her own room, she had nothing to do but to pass through Mrs. Medicott's apartment, out into the lesser hall, and then turning to the right as she passed on to the terrace, she could go down the flight of broad, shallow steps at the corner of the house into the lovely garden, stretching, sweeping lawns, and gay flower-beds, and beautiful, bossy laurels, and other blooming or massy shrubs, with full-grown beeches, or larches feathering down to the ground a little farther off. The whole was set in a frame, as it were, by the more distant woodlands. The house had been modernized in the days of Queen Anne, I think; but the money had fallen short that was requisite to carry out all the improvements, so it was only the suite of withdrawing-rooms and the terrace-rooms, as far as the private entrance, that had the new

long, high windows put in, and these were old enough by this time to be draped with roses, and honeysuckles, and pyracanthus, winter and summer long.

Well, to go back to that day when I limped into my lady's sitting-room, trying hard to look as if I had not been crying, and not to walk as if I was in much pain. I do not know whether my lady saw how near my tears were to my eyes, but she told me she had sent for me, because she wanted some help in arranging the drawers of her bureau, and asked me—just as if it was a favor I was to do her—if I could sit down in the easy chair near the window—(all quietly arranged before I came in, with a footstool, and a table quite near)—and assist her. You will wonder, perhaps, why I was not bidden to sit or lie on the sofa; but (although I found one there a morning or two afterwards, when I came down) the fact was, that there was none in the room at this time. I have even fancied that the easy chair was brought in on purpose for me; for it was not the chair in which I remembered my lady sitting the first time I saw her. That chair was very much carved and gilded, with a countess' coronet at the top. I tried it one day, some time afterwards, when my lady was out of the room, and I had a fancy for seeing how I could move about, and very uncomfortable it was. Now my chair (as I learnt to call it, and to think it,) was soft and luxurious, and seemed somehow to give one's body rest just in that part when one most needed it.

I was not at my ease that first day, nor indeed for many days afterwards, notwithstanding my chair was so comfortable. Yet I forgot my sad pain in silently wondering over the meaning of many of the things we turned out of those curious, old drawers. I was puzzled to know why some were kept at all; a scrap of writing may-be, with only half-a-dozen commonplace words written on it, or a bit of broken riding-whip, and here and there a stone, of which I thought I could have picked up twenty just as good in the first walk I took. But it seems that was just my ignorance; for my lady told me they were pieces of valuable marble, used to make the floors of the great Roman emperors' palaces long ago; and that when she had been a girl, and made the grand tour long ago, her cousin, Sir Horace Mann, the Ambassador or Envoy at Florence, had told her to be sure to go into the fields inside the walls of ancient Rome, when the farmers

were preparing the ground for the onion sowing, and had to make the soil fine, and pick up what bits of marble she could find. She had done so, and meant to have had them made into a table; but somehow that plan fell through, and there they were with all the dirt out of the onion-field upon them; but once when I thought of clearing them with soap and water, at any rate, she bade me not do so, for it was Roman dirt—earth, I think she called it—but it was dirt all the same.

Then, in this bureau, were many other things, the value of which I could understand—locks of hair carefully ticketed, which my lady looked at very sadly; and lockets and bracelets with miniatures in them,—very small pictures to what they make now-a-days, and call miniatures; some of them had even to be looked at through a microscope before you could see the individual expression of the faces, or how beautifully they were painted. I don't think that looking at these made my lady seem so melancholy, as the seeing and touching of the hair did. But to be sure, the hair was, as it were, a part of some beloved body which she might never touch and caress again, but which lay beneath the turf, all faded and disfigured, except perhaps the very hair, from which the lock she held had been dissevered; whereas, the pictures were but pictures after all—likenesses, but not the very things themselves. This is only my own conjecture, mind. My lady rarely spoke out her feelings. For, to begin with, she was of rank; and I have heard her say that people of rank do not talk about their feelings except to their equals, and even to them they conceal them, except upon rare occasions. Secondly,—and this is my own reflection,—she was an only child and an heiress; and as such, was more apt to think than to talk, as all well-brought-up heiresses must be, I think. Thirdly, she had long been a widow, without any companion of her own age with whom it would have been natural for her to refer to old associations, past pleasures, or mutual sorrows. Mrs. Medicott came nearest to her as a companion of this sort; and her ladyship talked more to Mrs. Medicott, in a kind of familiar way, than she did to all the rest of the household put together. But Mrs. Medicott was silent by nature, and did not reply at any great length. Adams, indeed was the only one who spoke much to Lady Ludlow.

After we had worked away about an hour

at the bureau, her ladyship said we had done enough for one day; and as the time was come for her afternoon ride she left me, with a volume of engravings from Mr. Hogarth's pictures on one side of me (I don't like to write down the names of them, though my lady thought nothing of it, I am sure) and on a stand her great prayer-book open at the evening-psalms for the day, on the other. But as soon as she was gone, I troubled myself little with either, but amused myself with looking round the room at my leisure. The side on which the fire-place stood, was all panelled,—part of the old ornaments of the house, for there was an Indian paper with birds and beasts, and insects on it, on all the other sides. There were coats of arms of the various families with whom the Hanburys had intermarried all over these panels, and up and down the ceiling as well. There was very little looking-glass in the room, though one of the great drawing-rooms was called the "Mirror Room," because it was lined with glass which my lady's great grandfather had brought from Venice when he was ambassador there. There were china jars of all shapes and sizes round and about the room, and some china monsters, or idols, of which I could never bear the sight, they were so ugly, though I think my lady valued them more than all. There was a thick carpet on the middle of the floor, which was made of small pieces of rare wood fitted into a pattern; the doors were opposite to each other, and were composed of two heavy tall wings, and opened in the middle, moving on brass grooves inserted into the floor—they would not have opened over a carpet. There were two windows reaching up nearly to the ceiling, but very narrow, and with deep window-seats in in the thickness of the wall. The room was full of scent, partly from the flowers outside, and partly from the great jars of pot-pourri inside. The choice of odors was what my lady piqued herself upon, saying nothing showed birth like a keen susceptibility of smell. We never named musk in her presence, her antipathy to it was so well understood through the household; her opinion on the subject was believed to be, that no scent derived from an animal could ever be of a sufficiently pure nature to give pleasure to any person of good family, where, of course, the delicate perception of the senses had been cultivated for generations. She would in-

stance the way in which sportsmen preserve the breed of dogs who have shown keen scent; and how such gifts descend for generations amongst animals who cannot be supposed to have any thing of ancestral pride, or hereditary fancies about them. Musk, then, was never mentioned at Hanbury Court. No more were bergamot or southern-wood, although vegetable in their nature. She considered these two latter as betraying a vulgar taste in the person who chose to gather or wear them. She was sorry to notice sprigs of them in the buttonhole of any young man in whom she took an interest, either because he was engaged to a servant of hers or otherwise, as he came out of church on a Sunday afternoon. She was afraid that he liked coarse pleasures, and I am not sure if she did not think that his preference for these coarse sweetnesses did not imply a probability that he would take to drinking. But she distinguished between vulgar and common. Violets, pinks, and sweet-briar were common enough; roses and mignonette, for those who had gardens, honeysuckle for those who walked along the bowery lanes; but wearing them betrayed no vulgarity of taste; the queen upon her throne might be glad to smell at a nosegay of these flowers. A beau-pot (as we called it) of pinks and roses freshly gathered was placed every morning that they were in bloom on my lady's own particular table. For lasting vegetable odors she preferred lavender and sweet wood-roof to any extract whatever. Lavender reminded her of old customs, she said, and of homely cottage-gardens, and many a cottager made his offering to her of a bundle of lavender. Sweet wood-roof, again, grew in wild, woodland places, where the soil was fine and the air delicate; the poor children used to go and gather it for her up in the woods on the higher lands; and for this service she always rewarded them with bright new pennies, of which, my lord, her son, used always to send her down a bagfull fresh from the Mint in London every February.

Attar of roses, again, she disliked. She said it reminded her of the city and of merchants' wives, over-rich, over-heavy in its perfume. And lilies of the valley somehow fell under the same condemnation. They were most graceful and elegant to look at (my lady was quite candid about this), flower, leaf, color—every thing was refined about them

but the smell. That was too strong. But the great hereditary faculty on which my lady piqued herself, and with reason, for I never met with any other person who possessed it, was the power she had of perceiving the delicious odor arising from a bed of strawberries in the late autumn, when the leaves were all fading and dying. Bacon's Essays was one of the few books that lay about in my lady's room; and if you took it up and opened it carelessly, it was sure to fall apart at his essay on gardens. "Listen," her ladyship would say, "to what the great philosopher and statesman says, 'Next to that,'—he is speaking of violets, my dear,—is the musk-rose,"—of which you remember the great bush at the corner of the south wall just by the Blue Drawing-room windows; that is the old musk-rose, Shakspeare's musk-rose, which is dying out through the kingdom now. But to return to my Lord Bacon: 'Then the strawberry leaves, dying, with a most excellent cordial smell.' Now the Hanburys can always smell this excellent cordial odor, and very delicious and refreshing it is. You see, in Lord Bacon's time, there had not been so many intermarriages between the court and the city as there have been since the needy days of his Majesty Charles the Second; and altogether in the time of Queen Elizabeth, the great, old families of England were a distinct race, just as a cart-horse is one creature, and very useful in its place, and Childers or Eclipse is another creature, though both are of the same species. So the old families have gifts and powers of a different and higher class to what the other orders have. My dear, remember that you try if you can smell the scent of dying strawberry leaves in this next autumn. You have some of Ursula Hanbury's blood in you, and that gives you a chance."

But when October came, I sniffed and sniffed, and all to no purpose; and my lady—who had watched the little experiment rather anxiously—had to give me up as a hybrid. I was mortified, I confess, and thought that it was in some ostentation of her own powers that she ordered the gardener to plant a border of strawberries on that side the terrace that lay under her windows.

I have wandered away from time and place. I tell you all the remembrances I have of those years just as they come up, and

I hope that in my old age I am not getting too like a certain Mrs. Nickleby, whose speeches were once read out loud to me.

I came by degrees to be all day long in this room which I have been describing; sometimes sitting in the easy chair, doing some little piece of dainty work for my lady, or sometimes arranging flowers, or sorting letters according to their handwriting, so that she could arrange them afterwards, and destroy or keep as she planned, looking ever onward to her death. Then, after the sofa was brought in, she would watch my face, and if she saw my color change, she would bid me lie down and rest. And I used to try to walk upon the terrace every day for a short time; it hurt me very much, it is true, but the doctor had ordered it, and I knew her ladyship wished me to obey.

Before I had seen the back-ground of a great lady's life, I had thought it all play and fine doings. But whatever other grand people are, my lady was never idle. For one thing, she had to superintend the agent for the large Hanbury estate. I believe it was mortgaged for a sum of money which had gone to improve the late lord's Scotch lands; but she was anxious to pay off this before her death, and so to leave her own inheritance free of incumbrance to her son, the present Earl; whom, I secretly think, she considered a greater person, as being the heir of the Hanburys (though through a female line), than as being my Lord Ludlow, with half-a-dozen other minor titles.

With this wish of releasing her property from the mortgage, skilful care was much needed in the management of it: and as far as my lady could go, she took every pains. She had a great book, in which every page was ruled into three divisions; on the first column was written the date and the name of the tenant who addressed any letter on business to her; on the second was briefly stated the subject of the letter, which generally contained a request of some kind. This request would be surrounded and enveloped in so many words, and often inserted in so many odd reasons and excuses, that Mr. Horner (the steward) would sometimes say it was like hunting through a bushel of chaff to find a grain of wheat. Now, in the second column of this book, the grain of meaning was placed, clean and dry, before her ladyship every morning. She sometimes would ask to see the

original letter; sometimes she simply answered the request by a "Yes," or a "No;" and often she would send for leases and papers, and examine them well, with Mr. Horner at her elbow, to see if, such petitions, as to be allowed to plough up pasture fields, &c., were provided for in the terms of the original agreement. On every Thursday she made herself at liberty to see her tenants, from four to six in the afternoon. Mornings would have suited my lady better, as far as convenience went, and I believe the old custom had been to have these *levées* (as her ladyship used to call them) held before twelve. But, as she said to Mr. Horner, when he urged returning to the former hours, it spoilt a whole day for a farmer, if he had to dress himself in his best and leave his work in the forenoon (and my lady liked to see her tenants come in their Sunday-clothes; she would not say a word, may-be, but she would take her spectacles slowly out, and put them on with silent gravity, and look at a dirty or raggedly-dressed man so solemnly and earnestly, that his nerves must have been pretty strong if he did not wince, and resolve that, however poor he might be, soap and water, and needle and thread should be used before he again appeared in her ladyship's ante-room). The outlying tenants had always a supper provided for them in the servants'-hall on Thursdays, to which indeed all comers were welcome to sit down. For my lady said, though there were not many hours left of a working-man's day when their business with her was ended, yet that they needed food and rest, and that she should be ashamed if they sought either at the Fighting Lion (called at this day the Hanbury Arms). They had as much beer as they could drink while they were eating; and when the food was cleared away they had a cup a-piece of good ale, in which the oldest tenant present, standing up, gave Madam's health; and after that was drunk, they were expected to set off homewards; at any rate, no more liquor was given them. The tenants one and all called her "Madam;" for they recognized in her the married heiress of the Hanburys, not the widow of a Lord Ludlow, of whom they and their forefathers knew nothing; and against whose memory, indeed, there rankled a dim unspoken grudge, the cause of which was accurately known to the very few who understood the nature of a mortgage, and were therefore aware that

Madam's money had been taken to enrich my lord's poor land in Scotland.

I am sure—for you can understand I was behind the scenes as it were, and had many an opportunity of seeing and hearing, as I lay or sate motionless in my lady's room, with the double doors open between it and the ante-room beyond, where Lady Ludlow saw her steward, and gave audience to her tenants,—I am certain, I say, that Mr. Horner was silently as much annoyed at the money that was swallowed up by this mortgage as any one; and some time or other he had probably spoken his mind out to my lady; for there was a sort of offended reference on her part, and respectful submission to blame on his, while every now and then there was an implied protest,—whenever the payments of the interest became due, or whenever my lady stinted herself of any personal expense, such as Mr. Horner thought was only decorous and becoming in the heiress of the Hanburys. Her carriages were old and cumbersome, wanting all the improvements which had been adopted by those of her rank throughout the county. Mr. Horner would fain have had the ordering of a new coach. The carriage-horses, too, were getting past their work; yet all the promising colts bred on the estates were sold for ready money; and so on. My lord, her son, was ambassador at some foreign place; and very proud we all were of his glory and dignity; but I fancy it cost money, and my lady would have lived on bread and water sooner than have called upon him to help her in paying off the mortgage, although he was the one who was to benefit by it in the end.

Mr. Horner was a very faithful steward, and very respectful to my lady; although sometimes, I thought, she was sharper to him than to any one else; perhaps because she knew that, although he never said any thing, he disapproved of the Hanburys being made to pay for the Earl Ludlow's estates and state.

The late lord had been a sailor, and had been as extravagant in his habits as most sailors are, I am told,—for I never saw the sea; and yet he had a long sight to his own interests; but whatever he was, my lady loved him and his memory, with about as fond and proud a love as ever wife gave husband, I should think.

For a part of his life Mr. Horner, who was

born on the Hanbury property, had been a clerk to an attorney in Birmingham; and these few years had given him a kind of worldly wisdom, which, though always exerted for her benefit, was antipathetic to her ladyship, who thought that some of her steward's maxims savored of trade and commerce. I fancy that if it had been possible, she would have preferred a return to the primitive system, of living on the produce of the land, and exchanging the surplus for such articles as were needed, without the intervention of money.

But Mr. Horner was bitten with new-fangled notions, as she would say, though his new-fangled notions were what folk at the present day would think sadly behind-hand; and some of Mr. Gray's ideas fell on Mr. Horner's mind like sparks on tow, though they started from two different points. Mr. Horner wanted to make every man useful and active in this world, and to direct as much activity and usefulness as possible to the improvement of the Hanbury estates, and the aggrandizement of the Hanbury family, and therefore he fell into the new cry for education.

Mr. Gray did not care much,—Mr. Horner thought not enough,—for this world, and where any man or family stood in their earthly position; but he would have every one prepared for the world to come, and capable of understanding and receiving certain doctrines for which latter purpose it stands to reason, he must have heard of these doctrines; and therefore Mr. Gray wanted education. The answer in the catechism that Mr. Horner was most fond of calling upon a child to repeat, was that to, "What is thy duty towards my neighbor?" The answer Mr. Gray liked best to hear repeated with unction, was that to the question, "What is the inward and spiritual grace?" The reply to which Lady Ludlow bent her head the lowest, as we said our catechism to her on Sundays, was to, "What is thy duty towards God?" But neither Mr. Horner nor Mr. Gray had heard many answers to the catechism as yet.

Up to this time there was no Sunday-school in Hanbury. Mr. Gray's desires were bounded by that object. Mr. Horner looked farther on; he hoped for a day-school at some future time, to train up intelligent laborers for working on the estate. My lady would hear of neither one nor the other;

indeed, not the boldest man whom she ever saw, would have dared to name the project of a day-school within her hearing.

So Mr. Horner contented himself with quietly teaching a sharp, clever lad to read and write, with a view to making use of him as a kind of foreman in process of time. He had his pick of the farm-lads for this purpose, and, as the brightest and sharpest, although by far the raggedest and dirtiest, singled out Job Gregson's son. But all this—as my lady never listened to gossip, or indeed, was spoken to unless she spoke first—was quite unknown to her, until the unlucky incident took place which I am going to relate.

CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

I THINK my lady was not aware of Mr. Horner's views on education (as making men into more useful members of society) or of the practice to which he was putting his precepts, in taking Harry Gregson as pupil and protégé; if, indeed, she was aware of Harry's distinct existence at all, until the following unfortunate occasion. The ante-room, which was a kind of business place for my lady to receive her steward and tenants in, was surrounded by shelves. I cannot call them bookshelves, though there were many books on them; but the contents of the volumes were principally manuscript, and relating to details connected with the Hanbury property. There were also one or two dictionaries, gazetteers, works of reference on the management of property; all of a very old date (the dictionary was Bayley's, I remember; we had a great Johnson in my lady's room, but where the lexicographers differed, she generally preferred Bayley).

In this ante-chamber a footman generally sat, awaiting orders from my lady; for she clung to the grand old customs, and despised any bells, except her own little handbell, as modern inventions; she would have her people always within summons of this silvery bell, or her scarce less silvery voice. This man had not the sinecure you might imagine. He had to reply to the private entrance; what we should call the back-door in a smaller house. As none came to the front-door but my lady, and those of the county whom she honored by visiting, and her nearest acquaintance of this kind lived eight miles (of bad road) off, the majority of comers knocked at the nail-studded terrace-door; not to have it

opened (for open it stood, by my lady's orders, winter and summer, so that the snow often drifted into the back-hall, and lay there in heaps when the weather was severe), but to summon some one to receive their message, or carry their request to be allowed to speak to my lady. I remember it was long before Mr. Gray could be made to understand that the great door was only opened on state occasions, and even to the last he would as soon come in by that as the terrace entrance. I had been received there on my first setting foot over my lady's threshold; every stranger was led in by that way the first time they came; but after that (with the exceptions I have named) they went round by the terrace, as it were by instinct. It was an assistance to this instinct to be aware that from time immemorial, the magnificent and fierce Hanbury wolf-hounds, which were extinct in every other part of the island, had been and still were kept chained in the front quadrangle, where they bayed through a great part of the day and night, and were always ready with their deep, savage growl at the sight of every person and thing, excepting the man who fed them, my lady's carriage and four, and my lady herself. It was pretty to see her small figure go up to the great, crouching brutes, thumping the flaps with their heavy, wagging tails, and slobbering in an ecstasy of delight, at her light approach and soft caress. She had no fear of them; but she was a Hanbury born, and the tale went, that they and their kind knew all Hanburys instantly, and acknowledged their supremacy, ever since the ancestors of the breed had been brought from the East by the great Sir Urian Hanbury, who lay with his legs crossed on the altar-tomb in the church. Moreover, it was reported that, not fifty years before, one of these dogs had eaten up a child, which had inadvertently strayed within reach of its chain. So you may imagine how most people preferred the terrace-door. Mr. Gray did not seem to care for the dogs. It might be absence of mind, for I have heard of his starting away from their sudden spring when he had unwittingly walked within reach of their chains; but it could hardly have been absence of mind, when one day he went right up to one of them, and patted him in the most friendly manner, the dog meanwhile looking pleased, and affably wagging his tail, just as if Mr. Gray had been a Hanbury.

We were all very much puzzled by this, and to this day I have not been able to account for it.

But now let us go back to the terrace-door, and the footman sitting in the ante-chamber.

One morning we heard a parleying which rose to such a vehemence, and lasted for so long, that my lady had to ring her hand-bell twice before the footman heard it.

"What is the matter, John?" asked she, when he entered.

"A little boy, my lady, who says he comes from Mr. Horner, and must see your ladyship. Impudent little lad!" (this last to himself.)

"What does he want?"

"That's just what I have asked him, my lady, but he won't tell me, please your ladyship."

"It is, probably, some message from Mr. Horner," said Lady Ludlow, with just a shade of annoyance in her manner; for it was against all etiquette to send a verbal message to her, and by such a messenger too!

"No! please your ladyship, I asked him if he had any message, and he said no, he had none; but he must see your ladyship for all that."

"You had better show him in then, without more words," said her ladyship, quietly, but still, as I have said, rather annoyed.

As if in mockery of the humble visitor, the footman threw open both battants of the door, and in the opening there stood a lithe, wiry lad, with a thick head of hair, standing out in every direction, as if stirred by some electrical current, a short, brown face, red now from affright and excitement, wide, resolute mouth, and bright, deep-set eyes; which glanced keenly and rapidly round the room, as if taking in every thing (and all was new and strange) to be thought and puzzled over at some future time. He knew enough of manners not to speak first to one above him in rank, or else he was afraid.

"What do you want with me?" asked my lady; in so gentle a tone that it seemed to surprise and stun him.

"An't please your ladyship?" said he, as if he had been deaf.

"You come from Mr. Horner's: why do you want to see me?" again asked she, a little more loudly.

"An't please your ladyship, Mr. Horner

was sent for all on a sudden to Warwick this morning!"

His face began to work; but he felt it, and closed his lips into a resolute form.

"Well?"

"And he went off all on a sudden-like."

"Well?"

"And he left a note for your ladyship with me, your ladyship."

"Is that all? You might have given it to the footman."

"Please your ladyship, I've clean gone and lost it."

He never took his eyes off her face. If he had not kept his look fixed, he would have burst out crying.

"That was very careless," said my lady, gently. "But I am sure you are very sorry for it. You had better try and find it. It may have been of consequence."

"Please, Mum—please your ladyship—I can say it off by heart."

"You! What do you mean?" I was really afraid now. My lady's blue eyes absolutely gave out light, she was so much displeased, and, moreover perplexed. The more reason the lad had for affright, the more his courage rose. He must have seen, so sharp a lad must have perceived her displeasure, but he went on quickly and steadily.

"Mr. Horner, my lady, has taught me to read, write, and cast accounts, my lady. And he was in a hurry, and he folded his paper up, but he did not seal it; and I read it, my lady; and now, my lady, it seems like as if I had got it off by heart;" and he went on with a high pitched voice, saying out very loud what I have no doubt were the identical words of the letter, date signature, and all: it was merely something about a deed, which required my lady's signature.

When he had done, he stood almost as if he expected commendation, for his accurate memory.

My lady's eyes contracted till the pupils were as needle-points; it was a way she had when much disturbed. She looked at me, and said,

"Margaret Dawson, what will this world come to?" And then she was silent.

The lad stood stock still, beginning to perceive he had given deep offence; but as if his brave will had brought him into this presence, and impelled him to confession, and the best amends he could make, but had now

deserted him, or was extinct, and left his body motionless, until some one else with word or deed made him quit the room. My lady looked again at him, and saw the frowning, dumbfounding terror at his misdeed, and the manner in which his confession had been received.

"My poor lad!" said she, the angry look leaving her face, "into whose hands have you fallen?"

The boy's lips began to quiver.

"Don't you know what tree we read of in Genesis?—No. I hope you have not got to read so easily as that." A pause. "Who has taught you to read and write?"

"Please, my lady, I meant no harm, my lady." He was fairly blubbing, overcome by her evident feeling of dismay and regret, the soft repression of which was more frightening to him than any strong or violent words could have been.

"Who taught you, I ask?"

"It were Mr. Horner's clerk who learned me, my lady."

"And did Mr. Horner know of it?"

"Yes, my lady. And I am sure I thought for to please him."

"Well! perhaps you were not to blame for that. But I wonder at Mr. Horner. However, my boy, as you have got possession of edge-tools, you must have some rules how to use them. Did you ever hear that you were not to open letters?"

"Please, my lady, it were open. Mr. Horner forgot for to seal it, in his hurry to be off."

"But you must not read letters that are not intended for you. You must never try to read any letters that are not directed to you, even if they be open before you."

"Please, my lady, I thought it were good for practice, all as one as a book."

My lady looked bewildered as to what way she could farther explain to him the laws of honor as regarded letters.

"You would not listen, I am sure," said she, "to any thing you were not intended to hear?"

He hesitated for a moment, partly because he did not fully comprehend the question. My lady repeated it. The light of intelligence came into his eager eyes, and I could see that he was not certain if he could tell the truth.

"Please, my lady, I always hearken when

I hear folk talking secrets; but I mean no harm."

My poor lady sighed; she was not prepared to begin a long way off in morals. Honor was, to her, second nature, and she had never tried to find out on what principle its laws were based. So, telling the lad that she wished to see Mr. Horner when he returned from Warwick, she dismissed him with a despondent look; he, meanwhile, right glad to be out of the awful gentleness of her presence.

"What is to be done?" said she, half to herself and half to me. I could not answer, for I was puzzled myself.

"It was a right word," she continued, "that I used when I called reading and writing 'edge-tools.' If our lower orders have these edge-tools given to them, we shall have the terrible scenes of the French revolution acted over again in England. When I was a girl, one never heard of the rights of men, one only heard of the duties. Now here was Mr. Gray, only last night, talking of the right every child had to instruction. I could hardly keep my patience with him, and at length we fairly came to words; and I told him I would have no such thing as a Sunday-school (or a Sabbath-school, as he calls it, just like a Jew) in my village."

"And what did he say, my lady?" I asked; for the struggle that seemed now to have come to a crisis, had been going on for some time in a quiet way.

"Why, he gave way to temper, and said he was bound to remember he was, under the Bishop's authority, not under mine; and implied that he should persevere in his designs, notwithstanding my expressed opinion."

"And your ladyship——" I half inquired.

"I could only rise and curtsy, and civilly dismiss him. When two persons have arrived at a certain point of expression on a subject, about which they differ as materially as I do from Mr. Gray, the wisest course, if they wish to remain friends, is to drop the conversation entirely and suddenly. It is one of the few cases where abruptness is desirable."

I was sorry for Mr. Gray. He had been to see me several times, and had helped me to bear my illness in a better spirit than I should have done without his good advice and prayers. And I had gathered, from little things he said, how much his heart was set

upon this new scheme. I liked him so much, and I loved and respected my lady so well, that I could not bear them to be on the cool terms to which they were constantly getting. Yet I could do nothing but keep silence.

I suppose my lady understood something of what was passing in my mind; for, after a minute or two, she went on:—

"If Mr. Gray knew all I know,—if he had my experience, he would not be so ready to speak of setting up his new plans in opposition to my judgment. Indeed"—she continued, lashing herself up with her own recollections, "times are changed, when the parson of a village comes to beard the liege lady in her own house. Why, in my grandfather's days, the parson was family chaplain too, and dined at the Hall every Sunday. He was helped last, and expected to have done first. I remember seeing him take up his plate and knife and fork, and say, with his mouth full all the time he was speaking: 'If you please, Sir Urian, and my Lady, I'll follow the beef into the housekeeper's room;' for, you see, unless he did so, he stood no chance of a second helping. A greedy man, that parson was, to be sure! I recollect his once eating up the whole of some little bird at dinner, and by way of diverting attention from his greediness, he told how he had heard that a rook soaked in vinegar and then dressed in a particular way, could not be distinguished from the bird he was then eating. I saw by the grim look of my grandfather's face that the parson's doing and saying displeased him; and, child as I was, I had some notion what was coming, when, as I was riding out on my little, white pony, by my grandfather's side, the next Friday, he stopped one of the gamekeepers, and bade him shoot one of the oldest rooks he could find. I knew no more about it till Sunday, when a dish was set right before the parson, and Sir Urian said; 'Now, Parson Hemming, I have had a rook shot, and soaked in vinegar, and dressed as you described last Sunday. Fall to, man, and eat it with as good an appetite as you had last Sunday. Pick the bones clean, or by ——, no more Sunday dinners shall you eat at my table!' I gave one look at poor Mr. Hemming's face as he tried to swallow the first morsel, and make believe as though he thought it very good; but I could not look again, for shame, although my grandfather laughed, and kept asking us all round if we

knew what could have become of the parson's appetite."

"And did he finish it?" I asked.

"Oh yes, my dear. What my grandfather said was to be done, was done always. He was a terrible man in his anger! But to think of the difference between Parson Hemming and Mr. Gray! or even of poor, dear Mr. Mountford and Mr. Gray. Mr. Mountford would never have withstood me as Mr. Gray did!"

"And your ladyship really thinks that it would not be right to have a Sunday-school?" I asked, feeling very timid as I put the question.

"Certainly not. As I told Mr. Gray, I consider a knowledge of the Creed, and of the Lord's Prayer, as essential to salvation; and that any child may have whose parents bring it regularly to church. Then there are the Ten Commandments, which teach simple duties in the plainest language. Of course, if a lad is taught to read and write (as that unfortunate boy has been who was here this morning) his duties become complicated, and his temptations much greater, while, at the same time, he has no hereditary principles and honorable training to serve as safeguards. I might take up my old simile of the race-horse and carthorse. I am distressed," continued she, with a break in her ideas, "about that boy. The whole thing reminds me so much of a story of what happened to a friend of mine—Clément de Créquy. Did I ever tell you about him?"

"No, your ladyship," I replied.

"Poor Clément! more than twenty years ago, Lord Ludlow and I spent a winter in Paris. He had many friends there; perhaps not very good or very wise men, but he was so kind that he liked every one, and every one liked him. We had an apartment, as they call it there, in the Rue de Lille; we had the first-floor of a grand hôtel, with the basement for our servants. On the floor above us the owner of the house lived, a Marquise de Créquy, a widow. They tell me that the Créquy coat of arms is still emblazoned, after all these terrible years, on a shield above the arched porte-cochère, just as it was then, though the family is quite extinct. Madame de Créquy had only one son, Clément, who was just the same age as my Urian—you may see his portrait in the great hall—Urian's, I mean." I knew that Master Urian had been drowned at

sea; and often had I looked at the presentment of his bonny, hopeful face, in his sailor's dress, with right hand outstretched to a ship on the sea in the distance, as if he had just said, "Look at her! all her sails are set, and I'm just off." Poor Master Urian! he went down in this very ship not a year after the picture was taken! But now I will go back to my lady's story. "I can see those two boys playing now," continued she, softly, shutting her eyes, as if the better to call up the vision, "as they used to do five-and-twenty years ago in those old-fashioned French gardens behind our hôtel. Many a time have I watched them from my windows. It was, perhaps, a better play-place than an English garden would have been, for there were but few flower-beds, and no lawn at all to speak about; but instead, terraces and balustrades and vases and flights of stone steps more in the Italian style; and there were jets-d'eau, and little fountains that could be set playing by turning water-cocks that were hidden here and there. How Clément delighted in turning the water on to surprise Urian, and how gracefully he did the honors, as it were, to my dear, rough, sailor lad! Urian was as dark as a gypsy boy, and cared little for his appearance, and resisted all my efforts at setting off his black eyes and tangled curls; but Clément, without ever showing that he thought about himself and his dress, was always dainty and elegant, even though his clothes were sometimes but threadbare. He used to be dressed in a kind of hunter's green suit, open at the neck and half-way down the chest to beautiful old lace frills; his long, golden curls fell behind just like a girl's, and his hair in front was cut over his straight, dark eyebrows in a line almost as straight. Urian learnt more of a gentleman's carefulness and propriety of appearance from that lad in two months than he had done in years from all my lectures. I recollect one day, when the two boys were in full romp—and, my window being open, I could hear them perfectly—and Urian was daring Clément to some scrambling or climbing, which Clément refused to undertake, but in a hesitating way, as if he longed to do it if some reason had not stood in the way; and Urian, who was hasty and thoughtless, poor fellow, at times, told Clément that he was afraid. 'Fear!' said the French boy, drawing himself up; 'you do not know what you say. If you will be here at six to-morrow morning, when it is only just light, I will take

that starling's nest on the top of yonder chimney.' 'But why not now, Clément?' said Urian, putting his arm around Clément's neck. 'Why, then, and not now, just when we are in the humor for it?' 'Because we De Créquys are poor, and my mother cannot afford me another suit of clothes this year, and yonder stone carving is all jagged, and would tear my coat and breeches. Now, to-morrow morning I could go up with nothing on but an old shirt.'

"But you would tear your legs?"

"My race do not care for pain," said the boy, drawing himself from Urian's arm, and walking a few steps away, with a becoming pride and reserve; for he was hurt at being spoken to as if he were afraid, and annoyed at having to confess the true reason for declining the feat. But Urian was not to be thus baffled. He went up to Clément, and put his arm once more about his neck, and I could see the two lads as they walked down the terrace away from the hôtel windows; first Urian spoke eagerly, looking with imploring fondness into Clément's face, which sought the ground, till at last the French boy spoke, and by-and-by his arm was round Urian too, and they paced backwards and forwards in deep talk, but gravely, as became men, rather than boys.

"All at once, from the little chapel at the corner of the large garden belonging to the Missions Etrangères, I heard the tinkle of the little bell, announcing the elevation of the host. Down on his knees went Clément, hands crossed, eyes bent down: while Urian stood looking on in respectful thought.

"What a friendship that might have been! I never dream of Urian without seeing Clément too,—Urian speaks to me, or does something,—but Clément only flits round Urian, and never seems to see any one else!

"But I must not forget to tell you, that the next morning, before he was out of his room, a footman of Madame de Créquy's brought Urian the starling's nest.

"Well! we came back to England, and the boys were to correspond; and Madame de Créquy and I exchanged civilities; and Urian went to sea.

"After that, all seemed to drop away. I cannot tell you all. However, to confine myself to the De Créquys. I had a letter from Clément; I knew he felt his friend's death deeply; but I should never have learnt it from the letter he sent. It was formal, and

seemed like chaff to my hungering heart. Poor fellow! I dare say he had found it hard to write. What could he—or any one—say to a mother who has lost her child? The world does not think so, and, in general, one must conform to the customs of the world; but, judging from my own experience, I should say that reverent silence at such times is the tenderest balm. Madame de Créquy wrote too. But I knew she could not feel my loss so much as Clément, and therefore her letter was not such a disappointment. She and I went on being civil and polite in the way of commissions, and occasionally introducing friends to each other, for a year or two, and then we ceased to have any intercourse. Then the terrible revolution came. No one who did not live at those times can imagine the daily expectation of news,—the hourly terror of rumors affecting the fortunes and lives of those whom most of us had known as pleasant hosts, receiving us with peaceful welcome in their magnificent houses. Of course there was sin enough and suffering enough behind the scenes; but we English visitors to Paris had seen little or nothing of that,—and I had sometimes thought indeed how even Death seemed loth to choose his victims out of that brilliant throng whom I had known. Madame de Créquy's one boy lived; while three out of my six were gone since we had met! I do not think all lots are equal, even now that I know the end of her hopes; but I do say, that whatever our individual lot is, it is our duty to accept it, without comparing it with that of others.

"The times were thick with gloom and terror. 'What next?' was the question we asked of every one who brought us news from Paris. Where were these demons hidden when, so few years ago, we danced and feasted, and enjoyed the brilliant salons and the charming friendships of Paris?

"One evening, I was sitting alone in Saint James' Square; my lord off at the club with Mr. Fox and others; he had left me, thinking that I should go to one of the many places to which I had been invited for that evening; but I had no heart to go anywhere, for it was poor Urian's birthday, and I had not even rung for lights, though the day was fast closing in, but was thinking over all his pretty ways, and on his warm affectionate nature, and how often I had been over hasty in speaking to him, for all I loved him so dearly; and

how I seemed to have neglected and dropped his dear friend Clément, who might even now be in need of help in that cruel, bloody Paris. I say I was thinking reproachfully of all this, and particularly of Clément de Créquy in connection with Urian, when Fenwick brought me a note, sealed with a coat of arms I knew well, though I could not remember at the moment where I had seen it. I puzzled over it, as one does sometimes, for a minute or more, before I opened the letter. In a moment I saw it was from Clément de Créquy. 'My mother is here,' he said: 'she is very ill, and I am bewildered in this strange country. May I entreat you to receive me for a few minutes?' The bearer of the note was the woman of the house where they lodged. I had her brought up into the ante-room, and questioned her myself, while my carriage was being brought round. They had arrived in London a fortnight or so before; she had not known their quality, judging them (according to her kind) by their dress and their luggage; poor enough, no doubt. The lady had never left her bed-room since her arrival; the young man waited upon her, did every thing for her, never left her in fact; only she (the messenger) had promised to stay within call, as soon as she returned, while he went out somewhere. She could hardly understand him, he spoke English so badly. He had never spoken it, I dare say, since he had talked to my Urian."

CHAPTER THE FIFTH.

"In the hurry of the moment I scarce knew what I did. I bade the housekeeper put up every delicacy she had in order to tempt the invalid, whom yet I hoped to bring back with me to our house. When the carriage was ready, I took the good woman with me to show us the exact way, which my coachman professed not to know; for, indeed, they were staying at but a poor kind of place at the back of Leicester Square, of which they had heard, as Clément told me afterwards, from one of the fishermen who had carried them across from the Dutch coast in their disguises as a Friesland peasant and his mother. They had some jewels of value concealed round their persons; but their ready money was all spent before I saw them, and Clément had been unwilling to leave his mother, even for the time necessary to ascertain the best mode of disposing of the diamonds. For, overcome with distress of mind

and bodily fatigue, she had reached London only to take to her bed in a sort of low, nervous fever, in which her chief and only idea seemed to be, that Clément was about to be taken from her to some prison or other; and if he were out of her sight, though but for a minute, she cried like a child, and could not be pacified or comforted. The landlady was a kind, good woman, and though she but half understood the case, she was truly sorry for them, as foreigners, and the mother sick in a strange land.

"I sent her forwards to request permission for my entrance. In a moment I saw Clément—a tall, elegant young man in a curious dress of coarse cloth, standing at the open door of a room, and evidently—even before he accosted me—striving to soothe the terrors of his mother inside. I went forwards, and would have taken his hand, but he bent down and kissed mine.

"'May I come in, madame?' I asked, looking at the poor sick lady, lying in the dark, dingy bed, her head propped up on coarse and dirty pillows, and gazing with affrighted eyes at all that was going on.

"'Clément! Clément! come to me!' she cried; and when he went to the bedside she turned on one side, and took his hand in both of hers, and began stroking it, and looking up in his face. I could scarce keep back my tears.

"He stood there quite still, except that from time to time he spoke to her in a low tone. At last I advanced into the room, so that I could talk to him without renewing her alarm. I asked for the doctor's address; for I had heard that they had called in some one, at their landlady's recommendation: but I could hardly understand Clément's broken English, and mispronunciation of our proper names, and was obliged to apply to the woman herself. I could not say much to Clément, for his attention was perpetually needed by his mother, who never seemed to perceive that I was there. But I told him not to fear, however long I might be away, for that I would return before night; and, bidding the woman take charge of all the heterogeneous things the housekeeper had put up, and leaving one of my men in the house, one who could understand a few words of French, with directions that he was to hold himself at Madame de Créquy's orders until I sent or gave him fresh commands, I drove

off to the doctor's. What I wanted was his permission to remove Madame de Créquy to my own house, and to learn how it best could be done; for I saw that every movement in the room, every sound, except Clément's voice brought on a fresh access of trembling and nervous agitation.

"The doctor was, I should think, a clever man; but he had that kind of abrupt manner which people get who have much to do with the lower orders.

"I told him the story of his patient, the interest I had in her, and the wish I entertained of removing her to my own house.

"It can't be done," said he. "Any change will kill her."

"But it must be done," I replied. "And it shall not kill her."

"Then I have nothing more to say," said he, turning away from the carriage-door, and making as though he would go back into the house.

"Stop a moment. You must help me; and, if you do, you shall have reason to be glad, for I will give you fifty pounds down with pleasure. If you won't do it, another shall."

"He looked at me, then (furtively) at the carriage, hesitated, and then said: 'You do not mind expense apparently. I suppose you are a rich lady of quality. Such folks will not stick at such trifles as the life or death of a sick woman to get their own way. I suppose I must help e'en you, for if I don't another will.'

"I did not mind what he said, so that he would assist me. I was pretty sure that she was in a state to require opiates; and I had not forgotten Christopher Sly, you may be sure, so I told him what I had in my head. That in the dead of night,—the quiet time in the streets,—she should be carried in a hospital litter, softly and warmly covered over from the Leicester Square lodging-house to rooms that I would have in perfect readiness for her. As I planned, so it was done. I let Clément know, by a note, of my design. I had all prepared at home, and we walked about my house as though shod with velvet, while the porter watched at the open door. At last, through the darkness, I saw the lanterns carried by my men, who were leading the little procession. The litter looked like a hearse; on one side walked the doctor, on the other Clément: the came softly and

swiftly along. I could not try any farther experiment; we dared not change her clothes; she was laid in the bed in the landlady's coarse night-gear, and covered over warmly, and left in the shaded, scented room, with a nurse and the doctor watching by her, while I led Clément to the dressing-room adjoining, in which I had had a bed placed for him. Farther than that he would not go; and there I had refreshments brought. Meanwhile he had shown his gratitude by every possible action (for we none of us dared to speak): he had knelt at my feet, and kissed my hand, and left it wet with his tears. He had thrown up his arms to Heaven, and prayed earnestly, as I could see by the movement of his lips. I allowed him to relieve himself by these dumb expressions, if I may so call them,—and then I left him, and went to my own rooms to sit up for my lord, and tell him what I had done.

"Of course it was all right; and neither my lord nor I could sleep for wondering how Madame de Créquy would bear her awakening. I had engaged the doctor to whose face and voice she was accustomed to remain with her all night: the nurse was experienced, and Clément was within call. But it was with the greatest relief that I heard from my own woman, when she brought me my coffee, that Madame de Créquy (Monsieur had said) had awakened more tranquil than she had been for many days. To be sure, the whole aspect of the bed-chamber must have been more familiar to her than the miserable place where I had found her, and she must have intuitively felt herself among friends.

"My lord was scandalized at Clément's dress, which, after the first moment of seeing him, I had forgotten, in thinking of other things, and for which I had not prepared Lord Ludlow. He sent for his own tailor, and bade him bring patterns of stuffs, and engage his men to work night and day till Clément should appear as became his rank. In short, in a few days so much of the traces of their flight were removed, that we had almost forgotten the terrible causes of it, and rather felt as if they had come on a visit to us than that they had been compelled to fly their country. Their diamonds, too, were sold well by my lord's agents, though the London shops were stocked with jewellery, and such portable valuables, some of rare and curious fashion, which were sold for half their

real value by emigrants who could not afford to wait. Madame de Créquy was recovering her health, although her strength was sadly gone, and she would never be equal to such another flight, as the perilous one which she had gone through, and to which she could not bear the slightest reference. For some time things continued in this state;—the De Créquys still our honored visitors,—many houses besides our own, even among our own friends, open to receive the poor flying nobility of France, driven from their country by the brutal republicans, and every freshly-arrived emigrant bringing new tales of horror, as if these revolutionists were drunk with blood, and mad to devise new atrocities. One day Clément;—I should tell you he had been presented to our good King George and the sweet queen, and they had accosted him most graciously, and his beauty and elegance, and some of the circumstances attendant on his flight, made him be received in the world quite like a hero of romance; he might have been on intimate terms in many a distinguished house, had he cared to visit much; but he accompanied my lord and me with an air of indifference and languor, which I sometimes fancied, made him be all the more sought after; Monkshaven (that was the title my eldest son bore) tried in vain to interest him in all young men's sports. But no! it was the same through all. His mother took far more interest in the on-dits of the London world, into which she was far too great an invalid to venture, than he did in the absolute events themselves, in which he might have been an actor. One day, as I was saying, an old Frenchman of a humble class presented himself to our servants, several of whom understood French; and through Medlicot, I learnt that he was in some way connected with the De Créquys; not with their Paris-life; but I fancy he had been intendant of their estates in the country; estates which were more useful as hunting-grounds than as adding to their income. However, there was the old man; and with him, wrapped round his person, he had brought the long parchment rolls, and deeds relating to their property. These he would deliver up to none but Monsieur de Créquy, the rightful owner; and Clément was out with Monkshaven, so the old man waited; and when Clément came in, I told him of the steward's arrival, and how he had been cared for by my people.

Clément went directly to see him. He was a long time away, and I was waiting for him to drive out with me, so for some purpose or another, I scarce know what, but I remember I was tired of waiting, and was just in the act of ringing the bell to desire that he might be reminded of his engagement with me, when he came in, his face as white as the powder in his hair, his beautiful eyes dilated with horror. I saw that he had heard something that touched him even more closely than the usual tales which every fresh emigrant brought.

“What is it, Clément?” I asked.

“He clasped his hands, and looked as though he tried to speak, but could not bring out the words.

“They have guillotined my uncle!” said he at last. Now I knew that there was a Count de Créquy; but I had always understood that the elder branch held very little communication with him; in fact, that he was a vaurien of some kind, and rather a disgrace than otherwise to the family. So, perhaps, I was hard-hearted; but I was a little surprised at this excess of emotion, till I saw that peculiar look in his eyes that many people have when there is more terror in their hearts than they dare put into words. He wanted me to understand something without his saying it; but how could I? I had never heard of a Mademoiselle de Créquy.

“Virginie!” at last he uttered. In an instant I understood it all, and remembered that, if Urian had lived, he too might have been in love.

“Your uncle's daughter?” I inquired.

“My cousin,” he replied.

“I did not say ‘your betrothed,’ but I had no doubt of it. I was mistaken, however.

“O madame!” he continued, ‘her mother died long ago—her father now—and she is in daily fear,—alone, deserted—’

“Is she in the Abbaye?” asked I.

“No! She is in hiding with the widow of her father's old concierge. Every day they may search the house for aristocrats. They are seeking them everywhere. Then, not her life alone, but that of the old woman, her hostess, is sacrificed. The old woman knows this, and trembles with fear. Even if she be brave enough to be faithful, her fears would betray her, should the house be searched. Yet, there is no one to help Virginie to escape. She is alone in Paris.’

"I saw what was in his mind. He was fretting and chafing to go to his cousin's assistance; but the thought of his mother restrained him. I would not have kept back Urian from such an errand at such a time. How should I restrain him? And yet, perhaps, I did wrong in not urging the chances of danger more. Yet, if it was danger to him, was it not the same or even greater danger to her; for the French spared neither age nor sex in those wicked days of terror. So I rather fell in with his wish, and encouraged him to think how best and most prudently it might be fulfilled; never doubting, as I have said, that he and his cousin were troth-plighted.

"But when I went to Madame de Créquy—after he had imparted his, or rather our plan to her—I found out my mistake. She, who was in general too feeble to walk across the room save slowly, and with a stick, was going from end to end with quick, tottering steps; and, if now and then she sank upon a chair, it seemed as if she could not rest, for she was up again in a moment, pacing along, wringing her hands, and speaking rapidly to herself. When she saw me, she stopped: 'Madame,' she said, 'you have lost your own boy. You might have left me mine.'

"I was so astonished—I hardly knew what to say. I had spoken to Clément as if his mother's consent were secure (as I had felt my own would have been if Urian had been alive to ask it.) Of course, both he and I knew that his mother's consent must be asked and obtained before he could leave her to go on such an undertaking; but, somehow, my blood always rose at the sight or sound of danger; perhaps, because my life had been so peaceful. Poor Madame de Créquy! it was otherwise with her; she despaired while I hoped, and Clément trusted.

"Dear Madame de Créquy," said I. "He will return safely to us; every precaution shall be taken, that either he or you, or my lord, or Monkshaven can think of; but he cannot leave a girl—his nearest relation save you—his betrothed, is she not?"

"His betrothed!" cried she, now at the utmost pitch of her excitement. "Virginie betrothed to Clément?—no! thank heaven, not so bad as that! Yet it might have been. But Mademoiselle scorned my son! She would have nothing to do with him. Now is

the time for him to have nothing to do with her!"

"Clément had entered at the door behind his mother as she thus spoke. His face was set and pale till it looked as grey and immovable as if it had been carved in stone. He came forward and stood before his mother. She stopped her walk, threw back her haughty head, and the two looked each other steadily in the face. After a minute or two in this attitude, her proud and resolute gaze never flinching or wavering, he went down upon one knee, and, taking her hand—her hard, stony hand, which never closed on his, but remained straight and stiff:

"Mother," he pleaded, 'withdraw your prohibition? Let me go!'

"What were her words?' Madame de Créquy replied, slowly, as if forcing her memory to the extreme of accuracy. 'My cousin,' she said, 'when I marry, I marry a man, not a petit-maitre. I marry a man who, whatever his rank may be, will add dignity to the human race by his virtues, and not be content to live in an effeminate court on the traditions of past grandeur.' She borrowed her words from the infamous Jean-Jacques Rousseau, the friend of her scarce less infamous father,—nay! I will say it,—if not her words, she borrowed her principles. And my son to request her to marry him!"

"It was my father's written wish," said Clément.

"But did you not love her? You plead your father's words,—words written twelve years before,—and as if that were your reason for being indifferent to my dislike to the alliance. But you requested her to marry you,—and she refused you with insolent contempt; and now you are ready to leave me,—leave me desolate in a foreign land—"

"Desolate! my mother! and the Countess Ludlow stands there!"

"Pardon, madame! But all the earth, though it were full of kind hearts, is but a desolation and a desert place to a mother when her only child is absent. And you, Clément, would leave me for this Virginie,—this degenerate De Créquy, tainted with the atheism of the Encyclopédistes! She is only reaping some of the fruit of the harvest whereof her friends have sown the seed. Let her alone! Doubtless she has friends—

it may be lovers—among these demons, who, under the cry of liberty, commit every licence. Let her alone, Clément! She refused you with scorn: be too proud to notice her now.'

"Mother, I cannot think of myself; only of her.'

"Think of me, then! I, your mother, forbid you to go.'

"Clément bowed low, and went out of the room instantly, as one blinded. She saw his groping movement, and, for an instant, I think her heart was touched. But she turned to me, and tried to exculpate her past violence by dilating upon her wrongs, and they certainly were many. The Count, her husband's younger brother, had invariably tried to make mischief between husband and wife. He had been the cleverer man of the two, and had possessed extraordinary influence over her husband. She suspected him of having instigated that clause in her husband's will, by which the Marquis expressed his wish for the marriage of the cousins. The Count had had some interest in the management of the De Créquy property during her son's minority. Indeed, I remembered then, that it was through Count de Créquy that Lord Ludlow had first heard of the apartment which we afterwards took in the Hôtel de Créquy; and then the recollection of a past feeling came distinctly out of the mist, as it were; and I called to mind how, when we first took up our abode in the Hôtel de Créquy, both Lord Ludlow and I imagined that the arrangement was displeasing to our hostess; and how it had taken us a considerable time before we had been able to establish relations of friendship with her. Years after our visit, she began to suspect that Clément (whom she could not forbid to visit at his uncle's house, considering the terms on which his father had been with his brother; though she herself never set foot over the Count de Créquy's threshold) was attaching himself to Mademoiselle, his cousin; and she made cautious inquiries as to the appearance, character, and disposition of the young lady. Mademoiselle was not handsome, they said; but of a fine figure, and generally considered as having a very noble and attractive presence. In character she was daring and wilful (said one set); original and independent (said another). She was much indulged by her father, who had given her something of a man's education, and selected

for her intimate friend a young lady below her in rank, one of the Bureaucratic, a Mademoiselle Neckar, daughter of the Minister of Finance. Mademoiselle de Créquy was thus introduced into all the free-thinking salons of Paris; people who were always full of plans for subverting society. 'And did Clément affect such people?' Madame de Créquy had asked, with some anxiety. No! Monsieur de Créquy had neither eyes nor ears, nor thought for any thing but his cousin while she was by. And she? She hardly took notice of his devotion, so evident to every one else. The proud creature! But perhaps that was her haughty way of concealing what she felt. And so Madame de Créquy listened, and questioned, and learnt nothing decided, until one day she surprised Clément with the note in his hand, of which she remembered the stinging words so well, in which Virginie had said, in reply to a proposal Clément had sent her through her father, that 'When she married, she married a man, not a petit-maitre.'

"Clément was justly indignant at the insulting nature of the answer Virginie had sent to a proposal, respectful in its tone, and which was, after all, but the cool, hardened lava over a burning heart. He acquiesced in his mother's desire, that he should not again present himself in his uncle's salons; but he did not forget Virginie, though he never mentioned her name.

"Madame de Créquy and her son were among the earliest proscribed, as they were of the strongest possible royalists, and aristocrats, as it was the custom of the horrid Sansculottes to term those who adhered to the habits of expression and action in which it was their pride to have been educated. They had left Paris some weeks before they had arrived in England, and Clément's belief at the time of quitting the Hôtel de Créquy had certainly been, that his uncle was not merely safe, but rather a popular man with the party in power. And, as all communication having relation to private individuals of a reliable kind was intercepted, Monsieur de Créquy had felt but little anxiety for his uncle and cousin in comparison with what he did for many other friends of very different opinions in politics, until the day when he was stunned by the fatal information that even his progressive uncle was guillotined, and learnt that his cousin was imprisoned by the license of the mob, whose rights, (as she called them) she was always advocating.

"When I had heard all this story, I confess

I lost in sympathy for Clément what I gained for his mother. Virginie's life did not seem to me worth the risk that Clément's would run. But when I saw him—sad, depressed, nay, hopeless—going about like one oppressed by a heavy dream which he cannot shake off; caring neither to eat, drink nor sleep, yet bearing all with silent dignity, and even trying to force a poor, faint smile when he caught my anxious eyes; I turned round again, and wondered how Madame de Créquy could resist this mute pleading of her son's altered appearance. As for my Lord Ludlow and Monkshaven, as soon as they understood the case, they were indignant that any mother should attempt to keep a son out of honorable danger; and it was honorable, and a clear duty (according to them) to try to save the life of a helpless orphan girl, his next of kin. None but a Frenchman said my lord, would hold himself bound by an old woman's whimsies and fears, even though she were his mother. As it was, he was chafing himself to death under the restraint. If he went, to be sure the wretches might make an end of him, as they had done of many a fine fellow; but my lord would take heavy odds that instead of being guillotined he would save the girl, and bring her safe to England, just desperately in love with her preserver, and then we would have a jolly wedding down at Monkshaven. My lord repeated his opinion so often, that it became a certain prophecy in his mind of what was to take place; and, one day seeing Clément look even paler and thinner than he had ever done before, he sent a message to Madame de Créquy, requesting permission to speak to her in private.

"For, by George!" said he, "she shall hear my opinion, and not let that lad of hers kill himself by fretting. He is too good for that. If he had been an English lad, he would have been off to his sweetheart long before this, without saying with your leave or by your leave; but being a Frenchman, he is all for *Æneas* and filial piety,—filial fiddlesticks!" (My lord had run away to sea, when a boy, against his father's consent, I am sorry to say; and, as all had ended well, and he had come back to find both his parents alive, I do not think he was ever as much aware of his fault as he might have been under other circumstances.) "No, my lady," he went on, "don't come with me. A woman can manage a man

best when he has a fit of obstinacy, and a man can persuade a woman out of her tantrums, when all her own sex, the whole army of them, would fail. Allow me to go alone to my tête-à-tête with madame."

"What he said, what passed, he never could repeat; but he came back graver than he went. However, the point was gained; Madame de Créquy withdrew her prohibition, and had given him leave to tell Clément as much.

"But she is an old Cassandra," said he. "Don't let the lad be much with her; her talk would destroy the courage of the bravest man; she is so given over to superstition." Something she had said had touched a chord in my lord's nature which he inherited from his Scotch ancestors. Long afterwards, I heard what this was. Medicott told me.

"However, my lord shook off all fancies that told against the fulfilment of Clément's wishes. All that afternoon we three sate together, planning; and Monkshaven passed in and out, executing our commissions, and preparing every thing. Towards nightfall all was ready for Clément's start on his journey towards the coast.

"Madame had declined seeing any of us since my lord's stormy interview with her. She sent word that she was fatigued, and desired repose. But, of course, before Clément set off, he was bound to wish her farewell, and to ask for her blessing. In order to avoid an agitating conversation between mother and son, my lord and I resolved to be present at the interview. Clément was already in his travelling-dress, that of a Norman fisherman, which Monkshaven had, with infinite trouble, discovered in the possession of one of the émigrés who thronged London, and who had made his escape from the shores of France in this disguise. Clément's plan was, to go down to the Coast of Sussex, and get some of the fishing or smuggling boats to take him across to the French Coast near Dieppe. There again he would have to change his dress. Oh, it was so well planned! His mother was startled by his disguise (of which we had not thought to forewarn her) as he entered her apartment. And either that, or the being suddenly roused from the heavy slumber into which she was apt to fall when she was left alone, gave her manner an air of wildness that was almost like insanity.

"Go, go!" she said to him, almost pushing

him away as he knelt to kiss her hand. 'Virginie is beckoning to you, but you don't see what kind of a bed it is——'

"Clément, make haste!" said my lord, in a hurried manner, as if to interrupt madame. 'The time is later than I thought, and you must not miss the morning's tide. Bid your mother good-bye at once, and let us be off.' For my lord and Monkshaven were to ride with him to an inn near the shore, from whence he was to walk to his destination. My

lord almost took him by the arm to pull him away; and they were gone, and I was left alone with Madame de Créquy. When she heard the horses' feet she seemed to find out the truth as if for the first time. She set her teeth together. 'He has left me for her!' she almost screamed. 'Left me for her!' she kept muttering; and then, as the wild look came back into her eyes, she said, almost with exultation, 'But I did not give him my blessing!'"

Essays on Indian Antiquities, Historic, Numismatic, and Palæographic, of the late James Prinsep, F.R.S., Secretary to the Asiatic Society of Bengal; to which are added his Useful Tables, illustrative of Indian History, Chronology, Modern Coinages, Weights, Measures, &c. Edited with Notes and Additional Matter, by Edward Thomas, late of the Bengal Civil Service; Member of the Asiatic Societies of Calcutta, London, and Paris. 2 vols. With numerous Illustrations. Murray.

A COMPLETE republication of the Essays of James Prinsep from the *Journal of the Asiatic Society of Bengal* was due, not only in honor to the writer's memory, but to the interests of that kind of knowledge upon which they treat. To his quick and active mind antiquities had no charm for their mere age and rottenness, they were records of the past illustrative of history, old coins and inscriptions he especially regarded as the dropped notes of past generations of men, by the reading of which tradition could be confirmed and contradicted, and our faith in ancient history, so far as it was really history, assured. James Prinsep died at the age of forty, eighteen years ago, after an Indian career that earned him the gratitude of Anglo-Indians, and the respect of the learned throughout Europe. He had been one of seven brothers who went out to India, their father's field of industry, and he went out not as a soldier, but after the necessary scientific training to serve as Assistant to Dr. (now Professor) Horace Hayman Wilson, then Assay Master in the Calcutta Mint. He next superintended the establishment of a mint at Benares, of which he was in due time appointed Assay Master. While resident in Benares his natural talent as an architect was shown, as afterwards at Calcutta, in the devising and executing of important public works. When in 1830 the Benares Mint was abolished, James Prinsep returned to Calcutta, where, upon the appointment of Dr. Wilson to his Professorship at Oxford, his assistant became the successor to his Indian appointments. In the previous year Mr. Prinsep had undertaken the conduct of a periodical called "Gleanings in Science," established by Major Herbert

for the publishing in India of new information upon art and science. In James Prinsep's hands the periodical Gleanings soon assumed importance as an Asiatic Journal, and became attached as such, to the Bengal Asiatic Society. That is the journal which has yielded these two goodly volumes of the fruit of his research. The journal under his management was enriched—as these volumes are enriched—with a host of little drawings, copies of inscriptions, figures of coins, not only drawn by himself, but also engraved by him. He worked, in fact, until his brain would bear no longer to be taxed, and died in the prime of life, of brain disease. These two substantial volumes show what he has done by antiquarian research towards the elucidation of moot points in Indian history.—*Examiner*.

ITALY.

LIKE summer light that lingers yet,
And fades not though the sun has set,
Some scattered rays through black clouds steal-
ing,

The glory of the past revealing,
Around Italia's laurelled brow
Shed loveliness and lustre now.
Land of the south, earth's fallen queen,
Fame tells us yet what thou hast been,
The first of empires once, and still,
Though torn by conflicts, crushed by ill,
Though shrouded deep in slavery's night,
Thou shinest amid the gloom more bright
Than other climes in freedom's light;
The sun beholds no land like thee—
Earth boasts no second Italy.

Thy burning skies and blooming shore
Are fair and radiant as of yore;
Thy roses, bent o'er every stream
That glides beneath the summer beam,
Prove that no earthly power can blight
Thy native loveliness, nor quite
Efface the bloom or veil the light
That makes thee beautiful and bright,
And smiles as if in hopes to see
Some happier morn arise on thee.

—*Speranza*.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

MY FIRST AND LAST NOVEL.

PART I.

YOU asked me once if I had ever had a secret from my husband.

Answering "Yes," I promised some day to tell you all about it: I will do so now.

When we were first married, and for a time afterwards, we were poor; neither of us were used to poverty. I was the youngest, and had been the pet, of a large family; I was inexperienced in every way, and somewhat spoiled by indulgence. Kenelm, my husband, was several years older than his little wife; he was good, grave, and wise; there was something in his character that made people afraid of him; when he courted me, my sisters held him in awe; yet, strangely enough, I, coward as I was in most respects, felt nothing of this awe till afterwards, but treated him with girlish audacity and tyranny. I knew my power.

I must not allow myself to tell you of our happiness during the first months after our marriage; that has nothing to do with this story; for then I had not the ghost of a secret from my husband. It is true that I was forced to be very quiet during the earlier part of the day, when the scratching of Kenelm's pen was almost the only sound to be heard in our house; but I indemnified myself in the evening for the morning's silence. I dearly loved to talk to Kenelm! I used then to show him the innermost thought of my heart: he was so gentle and reverent, and in return gave me his full confidence, sometimes speaking to me of things far beyond my comprehension, gladdening me by saying that often a few random words of mine would suggest the solutions of perplexities over which he had long pondered!

Well, we were poor. I had twenty pounds a-year; for the rest we depended upon my husband's earnings. We had married in the spring; the following winter Kenelm fell ill, very ill. Necessarily his illness increased our expenses; and I, without any regard to cost, or any thought of whose labor must pay for all, procured every thing that I fancied might please him or do him good. When he was convalescent, the doctor ordered him not to write for months to come. I understood his smile as he listened to this decree; it smote me with sharp, sudden pain; I remember I ran away to weep.

"I must write, my child; we are in debt,

we want money." This was all his answer to my tearful remonstrance, when long, long before he was strong, I saw him settle down to work.

For the first time I shrank away from his mild glance; for the first time the deep tenderness of his tone sounded to me as a reproach.

I went from his study into the garden. It was spring; but I paid no heed to the loveliness of the sunny morning. To-day I was too miserable to weep, for the first time in my life perhaps. I stood, leaning my head against a tree, absorbed in self-reproachful thought—knowing, for the first time, how dreadful a thing it was to want money.

I had one friend living near; she had been Kenelm's friend for years and years, but now she was especially mine. It chanced that she passed our gate that morning, and, seeing me, came in for a few moments.

"You, Minnie, of all women in the world, to look upon this sweet day with so sad a face! What ails you, dear? Kenelm is getting well."

"But he will be ill again. The doctor says he should have change and perfect rest, and—he is at work. I have been extravagant—we want money." She was grave immediately.

"Poor dear!" she said; "no wonder you are not merry—Oh, that money!" She softly stroked my hand, and fell into meditative silence.

Presently she cried, quite abruptly, "Minnie, you shall write a novel!"

I started, and blushed as if she had proposed to me to commit a crime.

"Yes," she repeated, "you shall write a novel. I have a little leisure—nothing else, alas!—at your service—you write, I will revise and manage all besides."

"But—Kenelm—"

"Would he not like it? Ah!—perhaps not—I had forgotten. Good, almost perfect as he is, he has his prejudices."

"But if I could write a book! If I could earn enough money to take him to the seaside—I would risk the rest. I will not be afraid; I will try and write a novel—only he shall never know unless I succeed."

"Is it well to have a secret from your husband?"

"Just this one. I must try. It would be so glorious if I were to succeed."

"You should know best. But, Minnie, I had rather you told him."

"No, no, no; not unless I succeed. What makes you think that I can write a book?"

"I have seen little attempts of yours—do not blush—and bits, only bits, of your letters to Kenelm. If Mrs. Kenelm Cameron writes her book as simply and fervently as Minnie Grey wrote her love-letters, it will do—always provided that, before she begins it, she quite makes up her mind what it is to be about."

"That is the puzzle."

"It will not long remain so, if the book is destined to be written. I am going from home; you shall have my address; let me help you in any way I can."

I took leave of her absently, already pondering what my book was to be about.

For three days and three nights I continued to ponder this matter. When Kenelm asked of what I was thinking, I blushed, giving the stupid answer, "Nothing particular." He looked surprised, but said nothing further.

Now, in all that follows, it may seem to you that if I had given the matter a playful turn, and if my husband had trusted me as he ought to have done, no unhappiness would have ensued. It was not in my power to think of my secret lightly—directly I had a secret from my husband, I turned coward, and became morbidly timid in his presence. And he—he did not suspect me of wrong-doing—it was my want of confidence towards him that he mourned. I think I have heard Kenelm say that it is in the natures acted upon, not in the acts themselves, that the elements of Tragedy and Comedy are contained. I suppose we each acted as it was our nature to act.

When those three days and three nights of meditation had proved fruitless, I drowned my hope in tears. I had found no subject of which I felt competent to treat, no cause to advocate, and I despaired.

A day or two afterwards an acquaintance sent us tickets for a concert; in the evening she called for us. My husband was not well enough to go—I hated to go without him; but he sent me because he thought that I was beginning to pine in a too quiet life. I felt very ungrateful towards the friend who carried me off, so sorely against my will.

It was a "classical" concert of instrumental music: I loved such music. Yet by and by I found that I was not listening to it.

I was writing—nay, rather contemplating—my book! It did not suggest itself to me bit by bit, but I seemed to grasp it all—plot, purpose, incident—at once. I literally hugged myself under cover of my little white cloak, and said, "This will do."

"Exquisite! is it not?" my companion exclaimed, thinking I had spoken to her in praise of the music. Her glance dwelt wonderingly on my excited face.

Now I was only anxious to get home. I dreaded that I might forget. Fortunately my friend was sleepy during the drive—the rapid motion continued the excitement the music had produced. When we stopped at my gate, and the lady woke up to say "Good-night," I astonished her with the fervor of my "Thank you! you do not know what you have done for me."

"Are you such an enthusiast?" she asked. "Had I known it, I would have sent you tickets before. I will remember you in future—good-night."

I let myself into the house. I had made Kenelm promise not to sit up, and had ordered Ann to go to bed. How glad I was of this!

The lamp and the fire burned in the parlor, and the little supper-tray stood ready.

I had made no noise; I stole up to my room, found Kenelm asleep, looking very wan and worn; I bent down and kissed him lightly, then ran away.

In the parlor I sat down to write, and I wrote—hour after hour. When the lamp went out, I looked up in consternation—it was growing light.

Very carefully I gathered together my precious sheets; I put them within a book (a cookery book, I remember), and hid that at the bottom of my work-table. I crept to bed cold, tired, and happy, but did not fall asleep till broad daylight.

When I woke, Kenelm stood by my bedside with my breakfast upon a tray. "Is it late?" I asked, starting up.

"Nearly eleven, love. Did you enjoy the concert, Minnie?"

"The concert—oh yes!" Then as I recalled every thing, I felt as if he must find out my secret by looking at me, and I turned away yawning.

"Not quite awake yet, sleepy one," he commented.

How I was to manage to write in the day-time, was the problem that occupied me while I dressed.

When I was ready, I went to Kenelm in his study. "Must you write to-day?" I asked.

"Yes, I must. Let us dine at four—I will write till then. After dinner we will have a walk. Do not feel anxious, love—I am stronger."

"Can I do nothing for you this morning?"

"Nothing, dear."

He had resumed his pen, and I went away. We had an unfurnished room in our house. I was soon locked into that. I spread my paper on a box, a box that had gone with us on our wedding journey, and crouched upon the floor to write. I left off just in time to prepare for dinner—to smoothe my hair, dip my hot brow in water, and wash the ink-stains off my fingers.

"I wanted you to stitch up my manuscript, Minnie," Kenelm said; "but as I didn't find you in the house, I contrived to do it myself. I suppose you have been working in the garden—too hard, I think; you look flushed."

"My face is rather hot. Now, where shall we walk this evening?" I asked, and began to talk hurriedly of primroses, violets, bluebells, and the probability of our finding them in the fields around.

That was an exquisite evening. As we wandered about the lanes and meadows, Kenelm sometimes leant on me, I sometimes on him; and I said to myself, "So it should be in life; why should my husband work always, and I sit idle all my days?"

That was very well; but, alas! as I worked I lost sight of my good motive in the absorbing interest of my work—forgot all my little daily cares for Kenelm while I struggled to achieve a grand good for him.

My husband came home healthily tired. That night he slept soundly, and I could not sleep; so I rose—I could not resist the impulse to continue my work; again it was the daylight that warned me to my bed.

Kenelm told me at breakfast that he must go into town, and should not get home till evening. He had not incurred this fatigue since his illness, and was not fit for it. I did not think of this then; I did not offer to go for him, or beg to go with him; I thought joyfully of the long day before me. He left home at ten, to return at seven.

I told Ann to say that I was engaged if any one should call, and I locked myself into the empty chamber. I uttered a cry of joy as I began my work—I had such delight in it.

I left off to pretend to dine, but I had no appetite, and soon recommenced.

Towards the end of the afternoon I found I could go on no longer. My temples burned, and yet I felt as if numbed by excessive cold, and my head began to ache intensely.

Kenelm was late; it was getting dusky when he came, and I shunned what little light there was. He was tired, and after tea lay upon the couch; I sat beside him on a low seat, and rested my aching head on his breast.

By and by Ann came in with the lamp, and then Kenelm asked me to read to him. I rose with some difficulty, I felt so weak and weary. Unwittingly I turned my face full to the light as I opened the new book he had brought home, and his eyes were upon me as they generally were, as I had formerly loved to have them.

"Minnie!" he exclaimed—then started up and came to me. He took my hands and gazed into my face. This time I was not sorry to feel thick blushes covering my pallor.

Somewhat pettishly I cried—"You startle me, Kenelm," and I tried to turn away. He would not let me.

"You look wretchedly ill, Minnie. You have been crying much again—so soon! What is it that troubles you? My poor child must tell me!"

"I have nothing to tell you—you are foolish—nothing troubles me!" But he continued to gaze at me so tenderly, so sorrowfully, that I could not bear it. To convince him that nothing was the matter, I burst into tears and sobbed upon his bosom, for he folded me in his arms.

I thought that all was over—that my secret would out, or my heart would break; but he questioned me no more, only soothed and caressed me.

Next morning I rejoiced that my secret was still in my keeping.

When I went down into the parlor, Kenelm held a visiting-card in his hand, at which he was looking with surprise.

"My friend Ashtower here yesterday, and you did not tell me! You asked him to

come again, I hope; you are well aware that I have long desired to see him."

I paused at the door with a face expressing blank consternation. "I—did not know," I faltered.

Yes; I was afraid of Kenelm—his eyes perused my face keenly.

"You did not know—it was Ann's fault, then. This is very vexatious." He was about to ring the bell.

"Stay!" I cried; "it was not her fault. I told her if anybody came, to say I was engaged; of course she did not know that I would have seen your friend! Till this moment I did not know he had been here."

"And why, my dear wife, would you see nobody yesterday?"

"Don't say 'my dear wife' in that horrid way. I suppose I was not in the humor for company, as you had left me alone!" I took refuge in a kind of petulant naughtiness, pouted, and made an unnecessary noise with the cups and saucers.

My husband did not speak for some time. Then he said, with a measured mildness that I well understood, "I think, Minnie, that you owe me some slight explanation. I trust that your good sense will lead you to offer me such. As I am confident that my wife cannot act in a way of which she has need to be ashamed, I do not understand her having any mystery."

I had heard people say that sometimes my husband appeared to hide an iron hand beneath a velvet glove. I recalled the saying now, and asked myself indignantly if he meant to make me feel the smooth inflexibility of his character. I was angry with him.

I offered no word of apology, but remained silent. I could not eat; the first mouthful seemed like to choke me. This made me seem all the more sullen.

No wonder that my noble, high-minded husband looked grieved to the heart at such signs of childish perversity.

When, after breakfast, I sought the bare room, and locked myself in, I trembled taking home the moral that was evolving, without conscious effort of mine, from the story which I had called "A Wife's Secret."

I felt the possibility of my little troubles deepening and widening terribly. I cried passionately, "I will persevere; but I must finish soon—I cannot bear this long."

I had taken it for granted that Kenelm

had work to do; but when I had slipped down-stairs, just before dinner-time, I saw him lying on our little lawn, a book beside him.

"He is angry," I thought. "This is the first holiday on which he has done without me."

When we met, I could not be gay or natural; I was constrained in manner, and felt weighed upon and weary.

The few days that followed were uncomfortable. Kenelm tried to resume his usual demeanor, but something was between us, and I was afraid of him. I wrote as much as I could without risk of detection, and forgot my own griefs during those hours.

I told myself that I would not, that I could not, give up, now that I had gone so far. Whenever I felt wavering and despondent, I pictured to myself my triumph. Kenelm's surprise, delight, gratitude—this would pay for all my pain.

There was surely no tedious lingering by the way in my book. I wrote in desperate haste to have finished it.

PART II.

With Kenelm's many letters one morning came a letter for me. I received it from him, and blushed as I slipped it into my apron pocket. It was from my friend, in answer to a note I had sent her about my book.

By this time I had become morbidly nervous. I was haunted by a vague sense of wrong-doing, and a dread of being driven to tell a direct falsehood. I had had more than one terrible alarm of detection.

After pocketing my letter I carefully avoided looking towards my husband.

"Read this, Minnie," he said presently putting one of the letters he had received before me.

I obeyed.

"What shall you do, Kenelm? Shall you go?" I asked, when I had finished. It was from one of my husband's brothers, begging his mediation with the stern old father, who, had been bitterly offended—how, does not concern my story.

"Shall we go, you surely mean, Minnie."

I drooped my head; my work was nearly completed; it would be dreadful to me to leave it now. We had been so estranged lately, my longing to have done with this and every secret was very great; if I were left

alone a day or two, it could be safely completed.

"Perhaps you are right, and I ought to go alone," Kenelm said, after a painful silence.

"I think you should. It is an expensive journey; your father does not like me, and—"

"I had rather my wife had been thus eager that we should not separate. You have prudence on your side, but—you are changed, Mary." He rose as he spoke.

"Do not say I am changed! Do not speak so! I cannot bear it!" I spoke passionately. He came to my side, sat down by me, and took my hand.

"If I am to be of any use, I should go to-day—at once," he began. "The last few weeks, Minnie, something has divided us. Shall we not be one again before we part?"

I was silent; I did not raise my eyes. Perhaps in the struggle to appear unmoved, I looked obstinate and cross, for Kenelm's tone changed.

"That letter—remember, Mary, that I do not stoop to suspect you of wrong; it is simply your want of confidence that I deplore."

"Suspect me of wrong, indeed!" I cried, again taking refuge in that petulant unreasonableness which baffles men sorely. "It is you, Kenelm, who have no confidence in me! You treat your wife as if she were a mere child."

"If the time is gone by when she loved to be so treated—when she made me her conscience and hid nothing from me—I must painfully learn how this changed wife desires that I should treat her."

He left the room; when he was gone I wept. But I was a little angry; or, as, passing his study-door on my way up-stairs to pack his clothes, I saw him seated at his study-table with his head bowed upon his hands, I could not have resisted the temptation to go to him and confess every thing.

It was only by looking back afterwards that I could understand how much change he found in me—how many signs he saw that my thoughts were not all, or even chiefly, his—besides reading that in my often abstracted face. Many of my little duties were neglected, or performed by Ann; many minute cares for Kenelm omitted during those feverish weeks.

As I packed my husband's clothes, I shed some tears over them. When he was actually

gone, after a most painfully calm leave-taking, I felt utterly miserable; I spent the day between crying and sleeping, and only thought of my book with disgust and loathing.

Next morning brought me a cordial—a few kind lines from Kenelm, written the night before, from the resting-place which was half-way towards his journey's end.

Having further stimulated my courage by re-perusing my friend's note, which told me of the favorable arrangements she hoped to make for the publication of my book, I set to work.

The misery of my heroine was approaching its climax; I was one with her, shaken by her fears, torn by her passions, transported by her hope.

Highly-wrought excitement kept me up. While Kenelm was away, I did not go beyond the garden; I could not eat, and I hardly slept.

One night,—I had heard Ann go to bed long before, and there was no sound or stir in the silent house,—my self-possession, my sense of my own identity, altogether failed me.

I crouched upon the bare floor in the bare room. I struggled to separate myself from the woes into which I had plunged "the wife" of my imagination. I could not—intense emotion overpowered me. Sick with anguish, I cried out, "Husband, husband! Good God! this is more than I can bear!"

I covered my face; that cry had startled me back to myself, and great terror came over me; I had always been timid of night and darkness.

As I continued to crouch there, covering my face, it seemed to me that something stirred in the room, that chill breath fanned my neck and arms. I raised my head, seeking light.

My candle had burned out; I was alone in stirring darkness—the thick darkness of a close-shuttered room. I strained my eyes into it; I seemed chained to the spot.

Suddenly my excited fancy made my husband present to me, standing in the middle of the room, regarding me. He was pale; his expression was reproachful, his form spectral.

I spread out my arms towards him; my senses failed me, my last consciousness being of a blow and a flash of pain.

Daylight was streaming through all cracks and crevices when I recovered. I found my-

self lying with my face upon the floor. I sat up with difficulty, and turned sick and dizzy when I saw a pool of blood close to where my face had lain. By-and-by I managed to get to my bedroom, and, after washing my stained brow, discovered a small but deep wound on my temple. I had fallen against a sharp iron-bound corner of the box which I had used as a desk.

I did not distinctly recall what had frightened me. I felt terribly weak, and lay on my bed quite still for several hours. Then I rang and ordered Ann to bring me some coffee into my room. My window was darkened, and she seemed to notice nothing particular in my appearance. I told her I was not very well, and did not wish to be disturbed.

The hot, strong coffee revived me wonderfully, and my thoughts returned to my all but finished work.

My book was not to be a Tragedy; it was to end quietly, peacefully, perfectly, as a beautiful summer day. I laughed softly over the happiness of this summery ending, and the tears rained from my eyes. I sat close to the open window on that lovely day, in a deliciously subdued and sympathetic mood, and wrote my blissful concluding chapters.

With one brief interruption only I continued to write till late in the afternoon. I no longer wrote with haste and passion, but, as I remember, with a quiet sense of perfect power.

I had finished. I said "thank God."

My heroine was happy now, and my heart craved like happiness clamorously. "Make haste and come home, Kenelm!" I cried.

I went down stairs to hunt for string, wax, and stamps; my book must be immediately sent off.

On my work-table lay a letter from my husband. How long had it lain there unopened? I pressed it to my lips and to my bosom before I read it.

It said he would be home this evening! What happiness! This evening at seven, it said; what time could it be now?

"Even as I wondered, our clock struck—seven."

There I stood in my loose, tumbled, white dressing-gown, my hair wildly disordered, my hands stained with ink, and my cheeks with tears. I could not move; it was like a dreadful nightmare dream.

My head began to ache maddeningly. I thought how none of my intended preparations for Kenelm's return were made; and I—was I fit to meet him? I pressed my hand upon my brow; unwittingly I displaced the plaster upon my wound, from which the blood began again to trickle.

I would have given years of life to recall one hour then.

I heard the garden gate. I saw Kenelm come up the path, and still I could not move.

The room door opened and admitted my husband.

He paused in sad amazement.

His face was like the face I had seen in my vision, which now vividly returned to me. I tried to believe this was a vision too. His form seemed to waver and flicker, and a black gulf opened at my feet.

Both my husband and Ann were standing over me when I regained consciousness; when I raised myself on the couch, Ann disappeared.

"I am so sorry—so grieved," I began, "I did not expect you yet. I had only just read your letter, and"—

"Do not talk now—rest, love. Was this just done?"

"No: I struck my head last night, and"—

"My poor wounded darling!"

I had no need to make excuses. He cared for me to-night instead of I for him, yet he looked very travel-worn and ill. He dressed my wound with tender fingers, and said many tender words. But he looked very sad, and I could not bear to meet his inquiring gaze. I closed my eyes and felt myself a wretched little hypocrite. I passionately vowed never again to have a secret from Kenelm.

My husband made me go to bed early. He read to me till he thought I was asleep; then I knew that he prayed by me before he went away. How I longed to clasp him round the neck and tell him all my secret, but I was afraid and ashamed.

When I had heard him go down stairs and shut the parlor-door behind him, I sprang up. My Bluebeard chamber was unlocked; all my papers lay about the floor!

I secured the key, but as I got into bed again, it fell from my trembling fingers. I regained it. The noise had disturbed Kenelm. I heard him coming, and buried my

face in my pillow. As I clasped the key I renewed my fervent vows never again to have a secret.

Next day I noticed that my husband seemed very, very sad. His mediation had only availed to draw more of his father's anger upon himself—he had been of no service to his brother.

When we had talked over this and some other family matters, silence fell. I felt afraid of what might come next, for Kenelm's eyes watched me earnestly.

"Minnie, my wife, it is you who want change now," he said presently. "You look ill, and you must be very weak to have been so much disturbed as you were yesterday, merely by my sudden arrival. Would you like to go home for a little while?"

"Oh Kenelm! so much!" I know that my face kindled brightly; for indeed I longed after them all, and thought that it would be a delicious rest to be at home with him.

"Poor child! I thought you would like it. So you have pined for home, Minnie?"

"You shall not say that. This is my home. I will not go to my father's if you say such things."

"Well! well! do not believe I reproach you, darling; we will part in peace."

"Part?"

"I think it will be as well that you should go soon; for a few weeks I must work very hard, and shall be even duller company than ever."

"Do you think I will go home alone? Oh Kenelm! what does this mean?"

"That is what I cannot tell," he said. "But I know that you are neither well nor happy; I know that our poverty has pressed its privations upon you; I know that you pine in your dull life here—"

"What more do you know?" I asked defiantly.

He answered with mild, even-toned voice, but absolutely hurting me by the urgent pressure of his gaze, "I know that in some sad way—by my own fault, it may be—I have lost my wife's confidence: I also know that this is *not* one of the things I will learn to do without."

"What more, sir?" I demandedly hotly.

"This is all. When you are at home, Minnie, and I am alone again for a little while, we may each be able to find out in

what, and how far, we have erred, and then be able to begin our married life afresh."

He spoke as if such serious danger impended, as if such utter ruin threatened our peace, that I shuddered; but he spoke, too, as if he forgot all the happy, happy months when I had been a devoted and contented wife, and only remembered the last few weeks—this made me angry; it was unjust!—he was exaggerating every thing!

"I will not go home unless you command me, and I am your wife, whom you have no right to send away; you are cruel and unjust!"

"Am I so? We were not talking of rights; I was planning for your happiness; but indeed I work in the dark. I do not see why you should call me cruel and unjust. Again I repeat, I do not stoop to suspect you of wrong; your having a secret from me and the obstinacy with which you keep it, is my only ground of displeasure. It may be that my own character is alone to blame; that I am too stern; but I have hoped that my wife loved me too well to fear me."

"She does! Oh Kenelm, she does!" I sprang after him as he turned sadly away. But then my looks belied my words; the key of the Blue-beard chamber fell from my dress, and I stopped the picture of guilty confusion.

He picked it up. "This is not the first time you have let it fall," he said, as he gave it me.

Then he knew that my last night's sleep had been feigned. It hardened my heart to think how deceitful he must believe me to be, and to remember the innocent, holy motive of all this long concealment.

Kenelm went to his study, as I imagined, shutting himself in there for the morning.

I felt utterly reckless. Unknown to myself, a desire for revenge was beginning to mingle with the other motives that determined me to persevere to the end. I thought that the lower I now sank in my husband's esteem the higher should I rise by-and-by when he knew all, when my hour of triumph came.

Once more I looked myself into the empty room. I packed up my manuscript, addressed it to my friend, and wrote a note to accompany it, passionately entreating her to let me hear soon—to do every thing quickly. Then I put on my bonnet and shawl, hid my

precious roll under my arm, and set off for the post-office.

As I walked hurriedly along beneath the limes in our lane, and then through suburban streets, my thoughts were quite engrossed in planning for the disposal of the fairy fortune my book was to bring me. Suddenly I swerved aside and turned a sharp corner; in another moment I should have met my husband, whom I had believed to be safe at home. Had he seen me? I thought not. I had disappeared before the abstraction of his look had cleared to recognition.

I made a little circuit—accomplished my purpose, and turned homewards.

My heart sank when I saw my husband pacing up and down beneath the limes. He had seen me, then, and was now waiting for me. The limes were in full blossom; their scent now always takes me back to that afternoon.

When I met Kenelm's eyes, and noted the pinched expression which repressed excitement had given to lip and nostril, I braced myself up for my last and worst ordeal.

He did not speak. He locked my hand under his arm, taking me into custody. He led me into the house, seated me in a chair in his study, then released my hand, and stood opposite to me. I noticed that the hand he leant upon the table quivered. I was sorry; I feared he would do himself harm; but when I raised my eyes to his, his air of judicial sternness had a strange effect upon my nerves. I laughed uncontrollably. Just think how that laugh must have broken upon his highly-wrought excitement and grievous distress!

I fancy that any man less noble than my husband would have struck me. There was intense pain and anger in his eyes—still I laughed my insulting, unnatural laugh. He left me. I chose to believe that he had locked the door; I would not go to ascertain. I ceased laughing, and grew very indignant. I, Kenelm's wife, to be treated like a naughty child! Very bitterly would he repent his injustice! Then, as I loved him, my heart grew tender at the thought of the pain he would feel when my hour of triumph came. For the first time I doubted of the possibility of this triumph. I could not rejoice if he suffered. We were one.

I threw myself on the ground, rested my head on Kenelm's footstool, and cried myself

to sleep. I suppose I was thoroughly worn out. I must have slept many hours. It was dusk when the opening of the hall door and my husband's step in the passage roused me. I heard him enter every room in the house before he came into the study; this, and my not detecting the sound of the turning of a key, staggered me in my belief that I had been locked in; but I would not think that I had been a voluntary prisoner all this while.

My husband could not see me when he entered. He peered about, then hastened to the open window. "Good God! She has jumped out!" he cried.

"I am here, Kenelm!" I said, rising.

"You have been here all the time I have been away?"

"I believe I fell asleep."

"Tea is waiting in the parlor—will you make it?"

I followed him. I noticed upon how haggard a face the lamp shone; but his manner was cold and repressed tenderness. He broke a painful silence by saying:

"Mary! I have made arrangements for your going home to-morrow."

An angry refusal to go rose to my lips. I repressed it, and said nothing.

"Your eldest sister passes through London on her way home from Kent to-morrow. I shall take you to the station to meet her. I have written to her and to your father. Your health requires change of air."

"It is well you should let me know on what plea you send me away."

"The scene of this afternoon taught me that we cannot live together, feeling as we now do towards each other. I will not risk again feeling towards my wife as I did when you laughed but now. In your absence, I will earnestly strive to discover where I have been wrong in my conduct as a husband."

I hardly heeded his words; my foot was beating the floor restlessly. I answered:

"You will be sorry; my day will come; you will repent this harshness."

"Am I harsh, Minnie? then I shall indeed repent. I strive to be calm and just, only to act for your good."

"Oh, you are very calm; you will be happy without me, quite! But you are most unjust!"

"I repeat again, Mary, that I suspect you of no wrong. Your want of confidence has irritated me. When I am alone I hope to see

clearly how I lost your confidence, and how I can regain it. If you were reasonable, you would own that it is best for us to part for a little while."

"I am very reasonable! It is best!" I answered; and I know my eyes shone gleefully, for I had jumped over dismal weeks, and was thinking of our joyful meeting. He left me abruptly.

My heart was ready to break when next day I was whirled away from my husband, who stood on the platform gazing after us. Regardless of all lookers-on, I gave way to a great burst of weeping, hiding my face on my sister's shoulder.

My time at home was chiefly spent in wandering about the garden, orchard, and fields, recalling past courting-days, and dreaming over my coming triumph.

They were all very kind to me, petting me as they had been used to do; but I liked best to be much alone, to think uninterruptedly of Kenelm. Several times he came to spend an hour or two with us; he rejoiced at my improved looks, but neither of us said any thing of my return.

My friend had written to me in most fervent praise of my book. She was working at it diligently—was to write a preface for it, and had made favorable arrangements for its publication.

Time slipped away rapidly. My husband's visits were the only events of my life, which passed in dull dreaminess. I suppose nature was avenging herself for the excitement in which I had lived for so long.

At last my book was ready, and I received, through my friend, what I considered a very large sum, as part payment for the work.

My family had reason to think me suddenly demented. Home, home, home! I cried. I insisted on departing the very morning on which I received my friend's letter, only promising to give them an explanation of my strange conduct before long.

Completely roused from my torpidity now, my longing for Kenelm and home was intense. I would travel alone, too; I had planned a meeting of which I could endure no witness.

Leaving my luggage at the station, I walked homewards across well-known fields. But the nearer I approached, the more my courage failed me. It was bright early afternoon; but there seemed to me something eerie in the

wind that swept the sun-steeped fields. If Kenelm should be ill!

I paused at the garden gate; the parlor blind was down; I saw no sign of life about the house. I paused longer yet before I could bring myself to open the house door.

My heart stood still when I knocked at the door of my husband's study; then it beat again so violently that I lost the sound of his listless "come in." I waited. A slow heavy step crossed the room—the door opened—my husband stood before me.

"Minnie! my darling! Come back to me of her own accord?" He opened his arms wide. I did not spring to him. I had lost all buoyancy of spirit now—all expectation of rapture. Triumph indeed! In what? In the sorrow-stricken weighed-down aspect of my husband?

"Yes, Kenelm, I am come back," I answered soberly. I stood before him, feeling very guilty and ashamed. "You must hear all now," I continued. "It was for this." I put a bundle of bank-notes into his hand.

"My child, I do not understand." He turned them over with a perplexed air.

Tearfully and hurriedly I told him all.

When I paused, and in my dreamings had planned that I should be clasped in his arms, and hear his exclamations of delight and gratitude, he still did not seem quite to understand. Presently he dropped the notes and hid his face.

I shivered. Where was my beautiful triumph? I had suffered and made him suffer so much—for what?

I sank down at his feet—I laid my cheek against him, and said, "Kenelm, was I very wrong? Cannot you forgive me?"

"Minnie! I shall never forgive myself." He raised me up, and kissed me many times. "This is the pain of poverty indeed; that for these, or such as these, you should suffer as you have done. My darling! how could you do it? How could you endure so long? How could you let me treat you so sternly? Dearest! these were not worth your pain!"

I saw it clearly now; I had burdened him with remorse, overwhelmed him with self-reproach! I, his wife, had irreparably injured him. And when I prayed for forgiveness, he only begged me to forgive him!

With those notes, for which I had worked and endured, lying at our feet, we made a new

marriage-compact of mutual confidence and forbearance.

Ah! but I did earn a holiday for Kenelm! I was very ill after that evening of my "triumph." When I grew better, my husband took me to a beautiful little nook by the sea-side; there we had a sweet long rest from all the weariness of our world.

I do not think that Kenelm understood his little wife's nature the less for having read her book; and, when he had grown accustomed to

the marvellous fact of its existence, I even fancied that I sometimes detected just a little lurking pride in his eyes and about the corners of his mouth, when people, in our presence, spoke of "A Wife's Secret." At such times I only cared to hide my confusion. Even now, after the lapse of so many many years, I felt a burning flush upon my face the other day, when I suddenly came upon a heap of newspapers and reviews which Kenelm had accumulated, and in them read the name of my book.

STANZAS.

BY A LAND SURVEYOR.

THERESA has got such a sweet little Farm,
With two hundred acres of meadow in Surrey;
And her manners are so calculated to charm,
My pulse at her name always feels in a hurry.
Her smile is bewitching—her eyes Saxon-blue.
At Goodwood—she sits her horse well—I first
met her;
And the man who has coursing and shooting in
view,
Might travel much further without doing bet-
ter.

Bilandeoo Villas are held by Grace Lee
For ninety-nine years at a pepper-corn rent:
Could I hold the heart of that lovely lessee
On equivalent terms, I might well be content.
Her cheeks' soft indenture—or dimple called
rightly—

Conveys an impression that all is serene;
While she steps like a sylph, so discreet and so
lightly,

No burdens on lands in her presence are seen.
Then Mrs. Fitz-Alpine, who weaves such a spell
By her wit, a delightful young widow, just
twenty,

Is Lady, I hear, of the Manor of L——
And looks like the classical Goddess of Plenty.
Mansion-house, Orchard, Preserves, what a
boon

With game well provided—on foot and on
wing too—

All in a ring fence, and I fancy that soon
The Lady herself will be fenced by a ring too.

Maria! and Mines! how melodious they chime,
If coupling such treasures be really no sin;
When love sinks his shaft, as he will in due time,
What veins will he meet with of sweetness and
tin!

Carlotta! and Blanche! Sisters fair, must be
rich,

With that fine old Baronial Estate on the
Rhine;

But their hearts are so soft, that I scarcely know
which

To choose for a tenant in common with mine.

Oh, deem me not venal, nor say matrimony
Is look'd upon as a mere banking affair,
Fond lovers can't year after year live on honey,
Of which, for one moon, they've enough and
to spare.
To see Cupid beat up for hard cash with a drum,
Must sadden, no doubt, the most prudent of
Quakers;
But though Consols afford consolation to some,
Let me find my heart's-ease alone in fat acres.
—Punch.

THE TRIUMPH OF MOSES.

So the struggle of Moses is over at last,
The Jews are no more a disqualified caste,
And Moses will henceforth in Parliament sit,
If either the Lords or the Commons think fit.

In the Commons 'tis certain that Moses will
meet

With no opposition in taking his seat,
Which he'll firmly endeavor with credit to fill,
For economy, measures, materials, and skill.

He will soon make his way with their Lordship's
the Peers,
As his high reputation will come to their ears,
And I'll warrant they won't shut their doors in
his face,

If Her Majesty makes him the Duke of Duke's
Place.

Only think how 'twould be if they didn't give
way;

Consider what England and Europe would say:
The Commons and Lords their old titles would
lose,

This called House of Christians, and that House
of Jews!

Then room for Lord Moses, ye proud Barons,
yield,

With his crest on his carriage, and arms on his
shield,

And his pedigree, higher than Norman's can
run,

And his business—which he can entail on his
son.

—Punch, 10 July.

From Titan.

MY TUTOR'S STORY.

I HAD not seen my old college tutor since I left Magdalen; and that was more years ago than I quite cared to remember. For memory, though a luxury, is a sad one; and its melancholy, if too closely pursued and analyzed, may even degenerate into remorse. Life, regarded as a whole, presents so wide a field for retrospection, and reveals only such broad masses of light and shadow, that it is not easy for us to estimate those impalpable gradations of progress and change, which, stealing noiselessly upon our footsteps, result in revolutions so extraordinary, and by the agency of their silent influences, mould us unconsciously to their eventual purpose, and make us actually what we are. Perceiving distinctly only those defined outlines and salient features which sketch for us the story of the past, we fail to bring within the range of vision the specific details of the vast picture; nor can we realize that each more obvious combination was but the aggregate of earnest moments, each one charged with its allotted function, its labor of duty and love. It is only when considered under this general aspect, that life redeems its title to the old poet's description, and becomes to each of us the saddest, sweetest fable in all the quaint mythology of time. For, if a fragment is severed from the great idea, and thrust upon us with all the stubborn minutæ of fact and circumstance, it is seldom that the vexed heart can soothe its retrospect with even the prevailing consciousness of self-satisfaction.

It was many years then since I had left Magdalen; and during that period, my destiny had led me further and further from sympathies and associations, once all-engrossing and supreme. Pushed suddenly forward, without appeal, into the strong battle of life, I had buffeted my way with the rest; and when, after a long and bitter controversy, I lighted on a breathing space, and looked around, I beheld myself a grave and solemn elder, with the fair, soft faces of the little ones gathering round my knees. My intercourse with my old college friends, always fragmentary, had necessarily diminished rather than increased; and when the last personal link was broken by the removal of Dr. Fox to a distant charge in the north, my slender communication with departed memories abruptly gave way, and thenceforward ceased entirely. When, however, a few weeks of priceless leisure gave me, one lovely autumn, a chance of renewing my acquaintance with something outside the din and sadness of cities I paid a swift farewell to the great weary Babel, and passed out once more into the deep, musical silence of fading woods, ripe, waving corn, and the soft, merciful sky.

It was a pleasant time, an autumn lovelier than the loveliest, or so it seemed to me. Warm, golden sunshine, that might have been stolen from the heart of summer, alternated, with those mild, grey days that come at no other season, and in their sad and chastened beauty, might well be called the poetry of sorrow, if they were not so full of love and peace. Determined to make the most of my "treasure-trove," I eschewed for the most part all public ways and means; and wandering hither and thither, without any very definite aim, though with a decided northerly impulse, I found myself, towards the close of harvest, not a hundred miles from St. Bridget's. A strange longing came over me to see my dear old master, and shake him by the hand; and without stopping to be casuistical on the question of accident and design, I started into my new track. I was at once rewarded so richly for my sudden change of route, that I began to entertain serious suspicions as to the philosophy of second thoughts, and to wonder, if, without compromising my consistency with my impetuous little Harry at home, I could recant my avowed principles, and act upon unreasoning impulses for the future. Life and nature seemed opening up a new page to me; and I pierced deeper and deeper into their secrets of unimagined loveliness, and stole back from their immortal innocence something of the freshness and wonder of childhood. I do not know that there is a sensation more exquisite than this blending of the old instinctive happiness with the longing earnestness of our elder years; we think and see no longer as children, it is true, and yet something of the long-hushed, passionate feeling smites through our being with a sob of joy.

My road lay for some miles through the enchanting solitude of a forest, where nothing but the dull crash of a distant axe, or the infrequent hut of the woodman recalled me at intervals to the consciousness of my own identity, by asserting the vicinity of my fellow-men. There is a species of awe, at once mysterious and pleasurable, in the sensation of utter loneliness, which is simultaneously alleviated and intensified by the fellowship of nature. The dark rooks flapped, with their hoarse and rattling cry, round the well-known suburbs of their airy cities; and deep in the heart of the forest beat the sobbing note of the shy ringdove, while the robin shook his scarlet plumes, and filled the autumn woods with music. Some of the trees let fall their golden leaves at every step; and the sturdy oaks dropped their russet acorns when the wind sighed. The shadows began to gather early among the thick boughs, but when I got out once more under the open sky, the

evening sun was still shining on the church tower of St. Bridget's, some half mile away.

Just where the path emerged from the forest, and effected a junction with the public way, my curiosity was arrested, and my interest excited by coming suddenly upon the entrance to a long green avenue of beeches, leading apparently to one of those fine old manor houses, noble and dignified that are so much in keeping with the best and simplest elements of the national character. The peculiar desolation of its aspect was what surprised me, however; for the first glance convinced me, not only that it was untenanted, but that many years must have elapsed since it had owned an inhabitant. The air of desertion that possessed the place was melancholy in the extreme. The stone supports of the heavy iron gates were ruinous, and dropping to decay; and the gates themselves, moss-grown and eaten with rust, swung mournfully to and fro, and creaked as their loose and broken hinges obeyed the evening wind. Long, rank weeds choked up the slender ornaments, and nettles climbed rudely amongst the thick mantling ivy. Impelled by a nameless desire to investigate further, I tied my horse to the half-open gate, and struck onwards in my desultory fashion, my feet marking the soft turf that crept to the roots of the hoary trees. The house itself, though catching at the moment the clear rays of the setting sun, looked mournful and deserted as I approached it; and its dim, blinded windows gave back a feeble and sorrowful smile in the deathly stillness. The birds hopped about, tame and fearless; the brown hares leaped and scampered on the uneven lawn; and a pale owl that sat blinking his dim eyes in the shadow, spread his heavy wings at the sight of me, and made for the nearest refuge, hooting with fear. Some relics of dainty garden flowers, wild long ago, were trailing at random their slender branches among dominant thistles, and strewing their fine blossoms on the common soil. In the ruins of what had been a garden, a beautiful sundial, of rich, old-fashioned architecture, was silently and faithfully numbering the dying hours; and as long as the faint light lingered above, and fell on the crusted stone, its lips breathed out the old and earnest legend that told men to remember death.

There seemed a spell upon the place, and as I turned away half unwillingly, I made no effort to resist the fascinating sadness that crept over me. Giving the rein to my fancy, as well as to my steed, I pleased myself, as I rode slowly onwards, by weaving wild and dreamy scenes that might have been enacted in that strange, desolate home. But my thoughts were soon dissipated, for life and man began to assert themselves once more,

and a sweet drowsy hum came floating from the village, defining itself as I drew near; and, recalled at once to my senses and to the object of my journey, I began to cast about for the rectory, marvelling how I should light upon my good old friend.

There is not a prettier rectory in merry England. I settled that question in my own mind before it received its final confirmation from the lips of Dr. Fox. Nothing but a thick hawthorn hedge parted the quiet garden from that yet more peaceful enclosure, where the weary rested in the shadow of the house of God. Within, it was a very waste of evergreens, if that word could be applied to any thing so trim and well ordered. The glossy laurels swept the ground with their low branches, the tall hollies were already gay with their ruddy clusters, and more beautiful still, the dark melancholy yews hung out those exquisite waxen berries, whose delicate crimson laughs at the Christmas frost. A profusion of rhododendrons held out rich promise for the spring; and among them all, on the mossy turf, the low white house, with its eccentric gables, and deep-set, irregular windows, nestled like a dove. The light smoke went curling cheerily to the clear evening sky, and in the trellised porch stood the rector himself, watching his favorite swallows, who, still unwearied, were wheeling and darting in the crystal heaven at the utmost speed of their slender and fragile wings. My unexpected apparition diverted him from the study of hirundology, and he advanced to meet me with the gentle and dignified courtesy that was so pre-eminently his own.

He was scarcely altered; I should have known him anywhere. The face was perhaps a little calmer, the white hair a little thinner, the figure a trifle more stooping, and that was all. But with myself I knew that it was very different, so different, that I was by no means prepared for the almost instant recognition that followed his rapid scrutiny, and the prompt familiar greeting, "Why, Walter! is it possible?" took me completely by surprise. "This is more than I expected, my dear Dr. Fox," said I, returning his warm grasp with usury; "I had as little anticipation of being recognized before I introduced myself, as of being rejected afterwards. I quite promised myself the triumph of a mystification, but I see you are as hard to baffle as ever."

"Ah! you thought to impose upon me, because your hair is not so black as it was. No, no; I learned all your faces by heart, and the trick is not so easily forgotten as you fancy. Come in, come in, and see if you can put up with an old bachelor's welcome."

The old bachelor's welcome was the warmest I ever had. His books, he said, were

wife and children and all; but there were more than he wotted of in the humbleness of his heart, to rise up and call him blessed. He was as rich and ripe a scholar, as he was a wise and loving man. Much study had neither wearied his flesh nor dried up his spirit; and while his brilliant endowments and intellectual superiority commanded the most profound and unequivocal admiration, his mild benevolence and tender sympathy secured for him a yet more universal and enviable affection. He was one of those rare beings whom nothing can spoil; his life was the life of a Christian scholar and gentleman, and his death the death of the righteous, for he has gone to his reward, the gentle old man.

"There is only one drawback to my pleasure," said the rector, as he led me round his little domain; "you cannot see my rhododendrons, the pride of my heart."

The low shrubs were planted out in clumps upon the lawn, within the shelter of the taller evergreens, where they bloomed out with the first breath of spring, and lighted his eyes with a flush of delicate crimson. We pleased ourselves with flowery visions for some vernal future; but alas! that dream will never be broken, and the rhododendrons now blush and fade in vain.

We fell into a long train of inexhaustible reminiscences, succeeded on his part by a sequence of affectionate personal interrogatories; and it was not till I had fully satisfied his warm-hearted curiosity, that I could advert to the subject of my own, and proceed to catechize in my turn. My questions were answered with the same genial alacrity, till I broached the subject of the old manor-house, and then, in a moment, his manner changed. A deep sadness came over his face, and he closed his eyes for a moment; I could almost have fancied to cover tears. But he recovered himself immediately, and although his voice shook somewhat as he replied, he did not seem indisposed to satisfy my inquiries.

"I cannot tell you any thing of its absolute history," said he; "the real owners have long been absentees. You see, I am only a naturalized citizen, and if you want a chronicle *ab initio*, you must apply to the children of the soil. But your surmises are correct enough," added he mournfully; "it is twelve years since the last tenant of Netherstoke died."

"And he had a story," said I.

"My good friend," said Dr. Fox, with a quiet smile, "have we not all our story, if the truth were told? but you are right again. Paul Lyndhurst had a story, and a sad one too."

"Lyndhurst! not Lyndhurst of Magdalen?" I interrupted. "A sulkily anchorite he was in those days."

"Nay, are you turned cynic in your old age,

Walter? Trust me, his heart was gentler than your own. Speak heedfully, for you did not know him. Few did, and he was little loved, but those who found the treasures that he hid, will scarcely hear him lightly held; and, Walter, my heart still bleeds and trembles at his name. You have sons," continued the old man hurriedly, "and they will love and honor you—God grant they may; but verily, they will never be to you half what Paul Lyndhurst was to me."

I cannot repeat the story as I heard it; all that made it so sad and touching will be wanting; but I must gather up the broken threads, and tell it as best I may.

Paul Lyndhurst and his brother John were born, as the saying goes, with expectations. Their father had inherited in early life a considerable fortune, the fruit of much patient and devout labor, not his own; and having married a fair young wife, whose penniless attractions won her small favor from his ancient mother, he threw himself, in his free careless way, into the mere pleasure of existence, and indulged himself, without control, and even without consideration, in refined tastes, intellectual luxuries, and generous fooleries. The birth of his children opened a new channel for his affectionate susceptibilities, without deepening his sense of immediate and extended responsibility; and his fatherly pride and fondness took the same bent as his previous emotions had done, without the smallest perception on his part, that he was running a perilous course. Sorrow came knocking at his door with a very sudden hand. When John was seven years old, and Paul but four, their mother died, leaving a passionate memory in the breast of her elder child, and in the heart of the younger, that nameless and perhaps unconscious sense of desolation, which often obtains such a mysterious and paramount influence upon the early formation and life-long development of the character and sympathies of the motherless. Her husband, when he recovered from the first stunning effects of this heavy blow, felt hopelessly that he had lost his stay. His character had not sufficient energy to support itself, and the grand defect in his mental constitution, a total want of moral courage and stability, laid him open to the attacks of unprincipled persons, whose designs, if he had the wit to suspect, he had not the wisdom to frustrate, nor the firmness to repel. For a year or two he went on in his old way, the inherent deficiency telling upon him more and more. There was just a sufficient consciousness of impending danger to make him avoid looking at it steadily; and when the crash came at last, there was no one to take him by the hand. Receiving from his stern old mother more blame than compassion, and more reproaches than sympathy, he

bent suddenly under his misfortune; and having looked wearily into the wild waste behind him, he kissed the prattling lips of his little children, prayed God to bless them, and so died.

It was not from his mother that Francis Lyndhurst had derived one particle of his generous, pliant, and mobile nature. She was one of those painfully excellent persons whose alarming virtue is more repellent than attractive, calculated to inspire more respect than sympathy, and more fear than love. Conscious of eternal rectitude, she pursued her unrelenting way, and swept from her path not only the humane peccadillos of more genial dispositions, but all those nameless, exquisite charities that make up so much of the sunshine of daily life. Retaining in advanced old age the stately carriage and iron sinews of her youth, her mind was yet more unbending than her figure. Her understanding was strong but not clear; she was shrewd but not judicious, absolutely destitute of tact, positive without being consistent, and argumentative rather than rational. Her principles were prejudices, and her duties superstitions; for physical weakness she had no sympathy, because she could not understand it; and of moral dereliction she was a hopeless censor. Her laws were as the laws of the Medes and Persians; her establishment was ordered with a rigid economy that almost amounted to parsimony; and her solitary household moved in its orbit like the planets in their spheres.

To this stern and loveless rule the little brothers came, fresh from the freedom and indulgence of their early home, to learn their first hard lesson in the world's school, to be taught with great plainness of speech that they were orphans, and to lay the deep but bitter foundations of passionate brotherly attachment, silent fortitude and resolute self-control. John was his grandmother's favorite, for, like all narrow-minded characters, she was essentially partial; and as her preference proceeded on logical grounds, and depended first on the incontrovertible claims of primogeniture, and secondly, on the circumstance of his Christian name, a reasonable boy like Paul had no cause to complain. The little fellow's unpardonable likeness to his mother exercised an unfortunate influence upon his fates, and made her at last the victim of a singular delusion, which led her to separate in fact the interests of the brothers, and actually, though not avowedly, to regard each as the exclusive property and residue of one parent. The immediate consequence was that Paul gradually became more grave, silent, and thoughtful, and John, a generous, warm-hearted little lad, proved but an ungrateful recipient of bounty which he was required to

share alone. Many and many a night, when they had escaped at last from that cold and ever-watchful eye, did the poor orphans cry themselves to sleep, sobbing into one another's ears, "Oh mamma, mamma!" "Oh papa, papa!"

It was very soon made known to John, in a private conference with his grandmother, that he was to be her residuary legatee. She was considerably surprised by the composure with which he received this intelligence, and probably imputed his silence to her own majestic reticence as to particulars. She would not have understood it any better if she had seen them afterwards sitting together on their crib, John's eager, honest eyes flashing apologetic fury, and seconding his indignant words of comfort.

The epoch of school-life, when it came, was an intense relief to both the boys. John, always practical and sensible, though not essentially clever, very honestly applied himself to his labors; but his character unfolded much more rapidly than his intellect, and Paul, though so much his junior (in years at least), soon followed, overtook, and passed him, more to his pride than his sorrow. Paul indeed was one of those rare specimens of boyhood, devoted to learning for its own sake, regarding imposed study not merely as the imperative introduction to a noble and a wise hereafter, but as a positive and intrinsic pleasure; and as his mind enlarged, and the endless vistas dazzling with immortal light first opened on his vision, he began to feel that life was indeed worth living for,—and that there were wells even of earthly water, that could assuage, if they did not quench, the thirst of his childish sorrow. He grew intensely studious, and pored over his books so earnestly, that his grandmother gave utterance to the bold heresy that reading was one of the deadly sins; a conclusion for which she found it irksome to advance her premises when closely pressed on the subject by the downright John. That wicked boy took great delight in luring her into an argument unawares, when he would carry on an endless war of words, much to the discomfiture of his adversary, and the secret amusement of the silent Paul, who seldom ventured to question orally her incoherent dogmas. As may be supposed, she was no bibliomaniac; and, indeed, her choice of books was so exceedingly small and select, that but for the relics of their father's library, which in the wreck he had managed to secure to his boys, they would have been sadly at a loss. Paul perceived that the sight of these books made his grandmother bitter on the subject of literary progress, and attempted to confine his perusal of the treasured volumes to his own apartment, an innovation which met with violent opposi-

tion. But John, who began to have alarming notions about the rights and privileges of a free-born Briton, came valiantly to the rescue, and gained his point, although without much ulterior benefit to Paul.

Being in the immediate vicinity of a great public school, the course of their education went on smoothly enough, until the question of their future destination impended, when a serious division arose. John, though he had acted like a good, sensible boy, and gone through his school career with credit if not with honor, showed so great a repugnance to a prolonged course of study, and so great a desire to embark at once in active life,—that his grandmother reluctantly consented to relinquish the fondly-cherished plan, which with unaccountable inconsistency she had formed, of bestowing a university education on her darling. But John had a harder triumph to achieve; his heart was set upon the transfer of this coveted boon at least, to the share of the defrauded Paul; and so earnestly did he plead his cause, supporting his own arguments with such wonderful oratory, and refuting hers with such ingenious and glaring unreason, that the baffled old lady from sheer weariness gave way at last with a very bad grace, which in no wise detracted from the generous ecstasies of one grandson, or the grateful transports of the other,—although, unfortunately for herself, she had little to do with either.

Paul's natural precocity and singular assiduity resulted in the event of his going to college at an unusually early age. This circumstance rendered it peculiarly fortunate for him that he was brought into contact with Dr. Fox, who was first attracted by the extreme youth, and then by the extraordinary proficiency of his pupil. The interest very soon became mutual; for, discovering, with his usual penetration, Paul's peculiar temperament and consequent disadvantages, with exquisite tact and tenderness he sought the sympathies of the proud and melancholy boy, surprised him into confidence, and drew from him by degrees the secrets of his deep and passionate nature. But from that hour Paul was another being. The long craving of his heart began to be satisfied, and the loneliness of his orphanhood passed suddenly away. Years, as they glided by, only increased the strength and fervor of this attachment; and meanwhile another kind of sunshine was stealing into Paul's heart.

The fame of M^s. Lyndhurst's parental qualifications was not confined, it would seem, to the mother country; and it was so ordered that the young daughter of a distant relative, who had crossed the Atlantic in his youth, was consigned to her exclusive guardianship, until such time as she should

attain to the years of legal discretion. Sorely pining on his death-bed for the dim blue skies and low green hills of England, he answered little to the voluble outcries of the French Canadians, her mother's friends, and sent Adrienne home. And very captivating she was. Her genuine worth and honest goodness, brightened by an innocent vivacity that danced and sparkled in her fair blue eyes, which yet could lie in deep and earnest shadow beneath the calm, soft brow, and pensive lashes of golden brown. The trustee, alas! was unhappily chosen, and the poor child had her own struggles with the pride and prejudice of her capricious guardian. The brothers saw her from time to time, when they met beneath the only roof, which, cold as it was, bore for them the name of home. The silent spirit of orphanhood first drew their sympathies together, and the bond quickly strengthened into a friendship which to Paul was something more. He fed upon it, and lived upon it long in secret, and when at last he spoke Adrienne trembled at her own strange joy. No one had the faintest foreboding of the crisis—not Mrs. Lyndhurst, not John. The grandmother had indeed watched over her heir with silent and jealous vigilance, but perfectly satisfied with regard to him, the thought of Paul had never so much as crossed her mind. When the truth burst upon her in all its enormity, her rage was dreadful, and with terrible violence she assailed the two young orphans, who had dared to whisper to themselves, and to one another, that they wished to share their loneliness together.

Paul's spirit stirred within him; the pale student rose, and with a sparkle she had never seen in his dark eyes before, put his strong arm round Adrienne, and told her no power should ever part them; then taking her gently from the room, he turned, in his calm, indignant pride, to meet her rude and bitter violence. But in vain she poured on him sarcastic reproaches and angry menaces. He quietly received her passion, and refuted her inconsistencies. She charged him with deceit, hypocrisy, and ingratitude; she drowned his reason in invective, and met his arguments with insult; but when she so far forgot herself and him as to taunt him with his mother's poverty, and to insinuate, with a coarseness as false as it was cruel, that his union with her had been the ruin of her son and Paul's father, his gallant heart could bear it no longer, and, with a word and a look she never forgot or forgave, terrified into silence an insolence that was never attempted again.

But though cowed for a moment, she was by no means baffled, and no depth of meanness was too low for her now. Finding him

utterly invulnerable to menaces, arguments, or reproaches, on his own account, she had the horrible baseness to strike at him through his brother, and assured him with no uncertain threat, that the total ruin of John's worldly prospects would be the inevitable consequence of his determined opposition to her will. The brave boy bowed his head like a deer caught in the toils, and the face of his grandmother, as she looked at him, was not good to see.

"My own darling," said Paul, as he crushed all his heart into his low farewell, "remember it is only for a time. Nothing but death shall ever part us."

"Not even that," whispered his young love, her tears falling on his cold hands. "Dear Paul, we can wait."

And she did wait, and she would have waited longer, but her heart broke, and she died; and John knew nothing of it till he saw the reason fleet from Paul's eyes over her coffin, and the look of terror in his grandmother's face, when she could not silence his fever-ravings. She having finished her work of mischief, shortly went to account for it; and John, silently and irrevocably making over every penny of her evil pelf to his

broken-hearted brother, settled him, at the urgent entreaty of Dr. Fox, at Netherstoke, where, after a few years of protracted bodily and mental suffering, gently and patiently borne, he found his last day.

"We buried him, by his own desire, beneath the chancel-window. He wrote his own epitaph," said the rector, rising. "It is a moonlight night—come, and I will show you his tomb."

The great harvest moon was shining full on the old east window of St. Bridget's church, and its cold light silvered the thick graves, and fell on a rude cross already muffled gently in the creeping ivy. The short inscription was distinctly legible—

P. L.

ETAT 26.

CECINIT SPES; FEFELLIT ÆVUM; CONSOLATUR
MORS.

The night was very still and balmy, and we sat down upon a tombstone opposite, in strange passionate silence, till the letters one by one died out of the moonshine, and only the dim outlines of the memorial cross spoke mournfully from the deepening shadow.

HEINRICH WILHELM AUGUST VON GAGERN.—The attempt which the Germans made after the last French Revolution to gain a larger measure of freedom failed not from one cause, but from many causes. It was too much a mere tumult excited by the Gallic effervescence, and it was complicated by the abstractions and hampered by the pedantries to which the Germans are so prone. Time was wasted in assailing and carrying numerous unimportant points, when a few bold, decisive strokes might have secured victory. There was a childish extravagance of speech just in the degree of the feeble and irresolute action. Enough was said and done to alarm the timid and to irritate the powerful, but not enough to convince the wavering, and to rouse the deeper heart of the nation. The Germans are, to a greater extent even than the English, by nature and by habit conservative. Reform then must come to them in proportions the vastest, and in shape the most organic and living, before they can abandon the fashion of existence and the faith of their forefathers. It must, therefore, be preached to them by some strong German soul as conservative by nature and by habit as the rest of his countrymen. This explains Luther's success. Luther was no innovator, no wild, insurrectionary spirit. He was a believer in the Old, and he strove sim-

ply to sweep away the corruptions by which the Old was defaced. He became an iconoclast in aspiring to be a restorer; it was still never his desire or delight to be a breaker of idols only. Now, it may be that ten years ago Germany was not ripe for freedom; it may be that we have not to look for the source of signal and ridiculous disaster further than that one fact; but assuredly, whatever of genuine the movement had in it was lost for want of some leader of the Luther stamp. The most prominent and influential personage was Gagern, who had as little as possible of the Luther breadth, earnestness, sagacity, pertinacity, and valor. Granting which we are not disposed to question, the purity of Gagern's patriotism, we must dispute his claim to commanding political ability. There is a good deal in him of the *dilettante*, a good deal more of the *doctrinaire*. Partly he played with politics, and partly he entered the political field with the temper and the crotchets of a Necker or a Guizot. The position, however, which he for a brief season occupied, and the integrity and disinterestedness which, in the absence of fertile and energetic capacity, he there displayed, render his career worthy of fuller record than it has yet received.—*Part of an Article in The Critic.*

From Household Words.

THE END OF FORDYCE, BROTHERS.

As long as I can remember, I have always loved the City—taking a strange delight in wandering up and down its busy streets, elbowing its merchants in their favorite gathering-places, and listening to the marvellous histories of many of its greatest money-makers. I like these men, perhaps, because I am not of them. I am of that listless, aimless, dreamy nature, which could not make money if it tried. The most promising enterprise would wither under my touch. Few are the guineas in my pocket that I can call my own, but I am well content, and no feeling of envy arises in my mind as I listen to the musical clinking of coin that comes from the open doors of the rich banking-houses.

My most frequent haunt is an old nook in the heart of the City, which, although now thrown open as a public thoroughfare, must have been, in former times, the private garden of some wealthy merchant's mansion. The entrance is under a low archway, built with bricks of the deepest purple red, and over the archway, in a white niche, stands a short, weather-beaten figure of a man, cut in stone, in a costume of a former age. Passing over the well-worn pavement through the arch, you find yourself in a small quadrangle containing that rarest of all things in these modern days—a city garden. Small care does it now receive, because no one can claim it as his own. The ground is black and hard—the yellow gravel having long since been trodden out—and the chief vegetation which it boasts are two large chesnut trees, that seem to gain in breadth and vigor as the years roll on. A few drooping flowers in one corner, show that some town-bred hand is near, fond of the children of the country, though little versed in their nature and their ways. Under the shade of one of the trees stands an old wooden seat, chipped in many places, and rudely carved with names and dates. Sitting on this bench, and looking before you to the other side of the quadrangle, the eye rests upon a short passage running under wooden arches, like an aisle in the old Flemish Exchange of Sir Thomas Gresham. On the face of the brickwork dwelling surmounting these arches (now turned into offices) is fixed a rain-washed sun-dial, and over this is a small weathercock turret that at one time contained a bell.

Any time between twelve o'clock and four, I may be found seated upon that old bench under the tree. Sometimes I bring a book, and read; sometimes I sit in listless repose, repeople the place with quaintly-dressed shadows of the old stout-hearted merchants of the past. I seldom have more than one companion. Under the archway, and along the passage, busy men pass to and from their work the whole day long, but they are too much occupied, or too anxious, to give a moment's glance at the garden, or to linger by the way. My only fellow-visitor is an old clerk, whose years must have numbered nearly ninety, but whose memory is clear and strong, although his body is bent with age. He is a kind of pensioner connected with the place, and is the owner of the few faded flowers in the corner of the ground, which he tends with his own hands. For eighty long, weary years he has lived in these old buildings, never having been out of the City further than Newington fields. Here he was born, and here, when the appointed time shall come, within sound of the familiar bells, and the familiar footsteps of the money-makers trampling over his head, he will drop into a City grave.

From the day when I ventured to give him some advice about the management of a lilac bush, apparently in a dying state, he came and sat by my side, pouring into my willing ear all the stories that he knew about the old houses that surrounded us. He soon found in me a sympathetic listener, who never interrupted or wearied of his narratives—the stories of a memory which extends over more than three-fourths of a century of time.

At one corner of the quadrangle is a part of the building with several long, dark, narrow, dusty windows, closely shut up with heavy oaken shutters, scarcely visible through the dirt upon the glass. None of the panes are broken, like those of a house in chan-cery, but its general gloomy, ruined appearance would assuredly have given it up as a prey to destruction, if it had not been in its present secluded position. Its dismal aspect excited my interest, and I obtained from my companion his version of its story.

I give it in his own person, though not exactly in his own words.

About the middle of the last century, two brothers were in business in these houses as

general merchants, whose names were James and Robert Fordyce. They were quiet, middle-aged, amiable gentlemen, tolerably rich, honorable in their dealings, affable and benevolent to their servants, as I found during the few years that I was in their employment. Their transactions were large, and their correspondents very numerous; but, although they must have been constantly receiving information, by letter and otherwise, that would have been valuable to them in speculations on the stock-market, they never, to the best of my knowledge, made use of it for that purpose, but confined their attention strictly to their trade. This building was not divided then as you see it now. In that corner which is closed up were our counting-houses, the private room of the two brothers being on the ground-floor. The rest of the square was used as warehouses, except the side over the arches, and that was set apart as the private residence of the partners, who lived there together, one being a bachelor, and the other a widower without children. I was quite a young man at this time, but I remember every thing as distinctly as if it was only yesterday that I am speaking about, instead of seventy years ago. I have, perhaps, a strong reason for my sharpened memory—I consider myself the innocent cause of the destruction of the firm of Fordyce, Brothers, through an accident resulting from my carelessness. One afternoon I went to the Post-office with a letter directed to a firm in Antwerp with whom we had large dealings. I dropped it on the way. It contained a bank draft for a large amount, and although every search was made for it that afternoon and evening, it was without success. The next morning, about eleven o'clock, it was brought to our counting-house by a rather short young man of singular though pleasing aspect, named Michael Armstrong. He had a long interview with the elder partner, Mr. James Fordyce, in the private room, and what transpired we never exactly knew; but the result was, that from that hour Michael Armstrong took his seat in our office as the junior clerk.

I had many opportunities of observing our new companion, and I used them to the best of my ability. His appearance was much in his favor, and he had a considerable power of making himself agreeable when he thought proper to use it. It was impossible to judge

of his age. He might have been fifteen,—he might have been thirty. His face, at times, looked old and careworn, at others, smiling and young, but there was sometimes a vacant calculating, insincere expression in his eye, that was not pleasant. He made no friends in the place,—none sought him, none did he seek,—and I do not think he was liked enough by any of the clerks to be made the subject of those little pleasantries that are usually indulged in at every office. They had probably detected his ability and ambition, and they already feared him.

I thought at one time I was prejudiced against him, because I had been the chance instrument of bringing him to the place, and because his presence constantly reminded me of a gross act of carelessness, that had brought down upon me the only rebuke I ever received from my employers. But I found out too well afterwards, that my estimate of his character was correct—more correct than that of my fellow-clerks, many of whom were superior to me in education and position, though not in discernment.

My constant occupation—when I was not actively employed in the duties of the office—was watching Michael Armstrong; and I soon convinced myself, that every thing he did was the result of deep, quick, keen, and selfish calculation. I felt that the bringing back of the letter was not the result of any impulse of honesty, but of a conviction that it was safer and more profitable to do so, coupled with a determination to make the most of his seeming virtue. What the elder Mr. Fordyce gave him, I never knew; but I judge from his liberal character that it was something considerable; and I know that when Michael Armstrong took his place in our counting-house, he was only doing that which he had willed to do from the first moment that he had opened the lost letter, and ascertained the firm from whom it was sent. There was, at times, something fearfully, awfully fascinating in watching the silent, steady working of a will like his, and to see it breaking down in its progress every barrier opposed against it, whether erected by God or man; others saw it, and watched it, like me, and were equally dazzled and paralyzed.

Michael Armstrong affected to be somewhat deaf—I say affected, for I have good reason to believe that the infirmity was put on to aid him in developing his many

schemes. During the greater part of the day, he acted as private secretary of the two brothers, sitting in one corner of their large room, by that window on the ground-floor to the left, which is now closed up, like all the others in that portion of the building.

I have said before that the firm were often in the receipt of early and valuable intelligence, which they used for the legitimate purposes of their trade, but never for speculations in the stock-market. A good deal of our business lay in corn and sugar, and the information that the brothers got, enabled them to make large purchases and sales with greater advantage. Sometimes special messengers came with letters, sometimes pigeon expresses, as was the custom in those days. Whatever words dropped from the partners' table—and they dropped with less reserve, as there was only a half-deaf secretary in the room—were drunk in by that sharp, calm, smiling, deceitful face at the window. But, perhaps, his greatest opportunity was during the opening of the morning letters,—many of them valuable, as coming from important correspondents abroad. Michael Armstrong's duty was to receive the key of the strong-room from the partners, when they came to business in the morning, and to prepare the books for the clerks in the outer offices. This strong-room was just at the back of Mr. James Fordyce's chair, and as he opened the most important correspondence, reading it to his brother, who rested on the corner of the table, there must have been a sharp eye and a sharper ear watching through the crevices of the iron door behind them. The next duty that fell to Michael Armstrong, after the letters were read and sorted, was, to take any drafts that might be in them to the bankers, and bring back the cash-box, which was always deposited there for safety overnight. This journey gave him an opportunity of acting upon the information that he had gathered, and he lost no time in doing so. Of course, we never knew exactly what he did, or how he did it; but we guessed that through some agent, with the money that Mr. James Fordyce had given him when he brought back the letter, he made purchases and sales in the stock-market, with more or less success. He never altered in his manner or appearance; never betrayed by word or signs any of the

clerks, his losses or his gains; and never neglected his mechanical duties, although he must have been much troubled in mind at times, by the operations he was conducting secretly out of doors.

Although not a favorite with the clerks, he became a favorite with the partners. There was no undue partiality exhibited towards him for they were too scrupulously just for that,—but his remarkable business aptitude, his care and industry, his manners, and probably his supposed infirmity, brought immediately before them, every hour in the day by his position as private secretary, had a natural influence, and met with adequate reward.

In this way five years passed quietly enough, to all outward appearance; but Michael Armstrong was working actively and desperately beneath the surface, and biding his time.

In those upper rooms to the right, exactly facing our counting-houses, lived an old clerk, named Barnard, with one child, a daughter, named Esther. The place was a refuge provided for an old and faithful, poor, and nearly worn-out servant of the house; and the salary he received was more like a pension, for his presence was never required in the office, except when he chose to render it. The daughter superintended the home of the two brothers, who, as I have said before, lived upon the premises in those rooms over the arches.

Esther Barnard, at this time, was not more than twenty years of age; rather short in figure; very pretty and interesting, with large, dark, thoughtful eyes. Her manners were quiet and timid, the natural result of a life spent chiefly within these red-bricked walls, in attendance upon an infirm father, and two old merchants. She went out very seldom, except on Sundays and Wednesday evenings, and then only to that old city church just beyond the gateway, whose bells are ringing even now. In the summer-time, after business-hours, she used to bring her work and sit upon this bench, under this tree; and in winter her favorite place, while her father was dozing over the fire in a deep leathern chair, was in the dark recesses of that long window, in the corner of their sitting-room, overlooking the garden. She was very modest and retiring, never appearing more than was absolutely necessary dur-

ing the day; but for all her care, many a busy pen was stopped in the office as her small, light form flitted rapidly under the arched passage; and many an old heart sighed in remembrance of its bygone youthful days, while many a young heart throbbed with something more of hope and love.

The one who saw her most was Michael Armstrong. His duty, every night, was to lock up the warerooms and counting-houses, rendering the keys to old Barnard, who placed them in the private apartments of the two brothers. Since the old clerk's bodily weakness had increased, this task was confided to his daughter, who executed it timidly at first, gaining courage, however, by degrees, until, at last, she came to consider it a part of the day's labor, even pleasant to look forward to. Whether Michael Armstrong ever really loved Esther Barnard is more than I can say. I have to judge him heavily enough in other and greater matters, and I am, therefore, loth to suspect him in this. He had no faith, no hope, no heart—nothing but brain, brain, ceaseless brain; and small love, that I have found, ever came from a soul like this. What he thought and meant was always hidden behind the same calm, smiling mask—the same thoughtful, deceptive, even beautiful face. He used his appearance as only another instrument to aid him in his designs, and he seldom used it in vain. Esther's love for Michael Armstrong was soon no secret to the whole house, and many, while they envied him, sincerely pitied her, though they could scarcely give a reason for so doing. The partners, however—especially Mr. James Fordyce—looked with favor upon the match; but, from some cause, her father, old Barnard, felt towards it a strange repugnance. It may have been that there was some selfish feeling at the bottom of his opposition—some natural and pardonable disinclination to agree to an union, that threatened to deprive him in his sickness and his old age of an only daughter who was both his companion and his nurse. Be this as it may, he would not fix any definite time for the marriage, although for his daughter's sake, he did not prohibit the visits of him upon whom her heart was bestowed. Michael Armstrong did not press it then for a more favorable determination, and, for this reason, I am led to believe that he had obtained his object—an excuse for being upon the premises unsuspected after the busi-

ness hours of the day were over. I never knew him to allow his will to be opposed, and I must, therefore, conclude, that in this instance he was satisfied with the ground that had been gained. Esther, too, was happy—happy in her confidence and pure affection—happy in the presence of him she loved—happy in being powerless to penetrate behind the stony, cruel, selfish mask, that, in her trusting eyes, seemed always lighted up with love and truth.

In this way, the daily life went on for several months. Michael Armstrong, by ceaseless care—perseverance, and talent, rose, day by day, in the respect and estimation of the partners. Much was entrusted to him; and although he was not visibly promoted over the heads of his seniors, he was still the confidential clerk; and the one in whom was centred the management of the banking and financial transactions of the house. We presumed—for we knew nothing then—that he was still working stealthily on the information that he gathered in the partners' room; and which his new position, more than ever, gave him opportunities of using. It was a busy time for speculation about this period. Fortunes were made and lost by stock-gambling, in a day; and Michael Armstrong with his active, calculating brain, was not the man to allow the tempting stream to rush by without plunging into it.

Our firm had an important branch house at Liverpool, through which it conducted its shipping-trade with America. Every six months it was the custom of one of the partners—either Mr. James or Mr. Robert—to go down and pay a visit of inspection to this house, a task that usually occupied ten or twelve days. Mr. James Fordyce, about this time, took his departure one morning for Liverpool, leaving his brother Robert in charge of the London affairs. I can see them even now, shaking hands, outside that old gateway, before Mr. James stepped into the family coach in which the brothers always posted the journey. Michael Armstrong was gliding to and fro with certain required papers—unobtrusive, but keen and watchful. As the coach rolled away up the narrow street, Mr. James looked out of the window just as his brother had turned slowly back under the archway. It was the last he ever saw of him, alive.

For several days after Mr. James Fordyce's departure, every thing went on as before. He started on a Friday, with a view of breaking the long, tedious journey, by spending the Sunday with some friends in Staffordshire. On the following Wednesday, towards the close of the day, a pigeon-express arrived from Liverpool, bearing a communication in his handwriting, which was taken in to Mr. Robert Fordyce in the private room. No one in the office—except, doubtless, Michael Armstrong—knew for many days what that short letter contained; but we knew too well what another short letter conveyed, which was placed in melancholy haste and silence the next morning under the pigeon's wing, and started back to Liverpool. This was in Michael Armstrong's handwriting.

Mr. James Fordyce, upon his arrival at Liverpool, had found their manager committed to large purchases in American produce without the knowledge of his principals, in the face of a market that had rapidly and extensively fallen. This gentleman's anxiety to benefit his employers was greater than his prudence; and, while finding that he had made a fearful error, he had not the courage to communicate it to London, although every hour rendered the position more ruinous. Mr. James Fordyce, after a short and anxious investigation, sent a dispatch to his brother, for a sum of many thousands of pounds,—an amount as great as the house could command upon so sudden an emergency. This money was to be forwarded by special messenger, without an hour's delay, in a Bank of England draft: nothing less would serve to extricate the local branch from its pressing difficulty, and save the firm from heavier loss. The letter arrived on the Wednesday, after the banks had closed, and when nothing could be done until the following morning. In the meantime, in all probability, Michael Armstrong received instructions to prepare a statement of the available resources of the firm.

That evening, about half-past eight o'clock, when Esther Barnard returned from church, she found Michael Armstrong waiting for her at the gateway. He seemed more thoughtful and absent than usual; and his face, seen by the flickering light of the street oil-lamp (it was an October night), had the old, pale, anxious expression that I have before alluded to. Esther thought he was ill; but, in reply

to her gentle inquiries, as they entered the house together, he said he was merely tired with the extra labor he had undergone, consequent upon the receipt of the intelligence from Mr. James Fordyce, and his natural solicitude for the welfare of the firm.

Mr. Robert Fordyce's habits—as, indeed, the habits of both the brothers—were very simple. He walked for two hours during the evening, from six o'clock to eight, and then read until nine, at which time he took a light supper, consisting of a small roll and a glass of milk; which was always brought to him by Esther, who left the little tray upon the table by the side of his book, and wished him good night until the morning. She then returned to Michael Armstrong, on the nights he visited her, to sit until the clock of the neighboring church struck ten, at which hour she let him out at the gate, and retired to rest.

On the night in question, she had placed the same simple supper ready upon her table; and, after retiring for a few moments to her room, to leave her hat and cloak, she returned, and took the tray to Mr. Robert's apartments. She did not notice Michael Armstrong particularly before she went; but, when she came back, she found him standing by the open doorway, looking wildly and restlessly into the passage. She again asked him anxiously if he was ill, and his answer was as before; adding, that he thought he had heard her father's voice, calling her name, but he had been mistaken.

They sat for some little time together over the fire. Michael Armstrong would not take any supper, although pressed by Esther to do so. His mind was occupied with some hidden thought, and he appeared as if engaged in listening for some expected sound. In this way passed about half an hour, when Esther thought she heard some distant groans, accompanied by a noise, like that produced by a heavy body falling on the ground. Esther started up; and Michael Armstrong, who had heard the noise too, immediately suggested the probable illness of her father. Esther waited not for another word, but ran to his apartment, to find him sleeping calmly in his bed. On her return a few minutes afterwards, to the room she had just left, she found Michael Armstrong entering the doorway with the light. He said he had been along the passages to make a search, but without finding anything. He appeared more com-

posed, and advised her to dismiss the matter from her mind. They sat together more cheerfully for the next half hour, until the ten o'clock bells sounded from the neighboring church, when she went with him across the garden to the gate. The customary kiss was given at the door, and the customary laugh and good night received from the old private watchman parading the street; but Esther Barnard, as she locked the wicket, and walked across the garden again to her own room, felt a heavy-hearted foreboding of some great sorrow that was about to fall upon her. Her prayers that night were longer than usual, and her eyes were red with weeping before she went to sleep.

Meantime, the lamp in Mr. Robert Fordyce's apartment (the second window from the sun-dial) burnt dimly through the night, and died out about the break of day. Its master had died some hours before.

In the morning the porters opened the place at the usual hour, and the full tide of business again set in. One of the earliest, but not the earliest, to arrive was Michael Armstrong. His first inquiry was for Mr. Robert Fordyce, who was generally in his private room to open the letters, and give out the keys. He had not been seen. An hour passed, and then the inquiry was extended to the dwelling-house. Michael Armstrong saw Esther, and begged her to go and knock at Mr. Robert's door. She went, slowly and fearfully, knocked, and there was no answer. Knocked again with the same result. The alarm now spread, that something serious had happened. Esther retired tremblingly with her forebodings of the night more than half realised, while the clerks came up, and, after a brief consultation, broke open the door.

A room with a close and slightly chemical smell; the blinds still down; an oil-lamp that had burnt out; a book half open upon the table; a nearly empty tumbler that contained milk; a roll untouched; and Mr. Robert Fordyce, lying dead, doubled up on the floor near a couch, the damask covering of which he had torn and bitten. On the table, near the tumbler was a small, screwed-up paper, containing some of the poison from which he had died; and near to this was a letter directed, somewhat tremblingly, in his own handwriting to his brother, Mr. James.

One of the earliest, but not the earliest in

the room, was Michael Armstrong, calm, dignified, and collected. Though far younger than many others, he took the lead naturally and firmly, and no one seemed to have nerve or inclination to dispute his authority. Esther stood anxiously amongst the crowd at the door looking on with her whole soul starting through her eyes.

Michael Armstrong took up the letter upon the table. It was unsealed. He opened it, and read in a clear, firm voice, the short and painful statement it contained. Mr. Robert Fordyce confessed to his brother that for some time he had largely appropriated the funds of the firm to his own use for speculations that had turned out unsuccessful in the stock-market. Unable to refund the money to meet the sudden emergency that had fallen upon the house, and fearing to see his brother again after perpetrating such a wrong, he had resolved to die by poison, administered by his own hand.

Deep silence, broken by sobs and tears, followed the reading of this letter, for the dead merchant was loved and respected by all. A short summons, written by Michael Armstrong, as I have said before, was tied to the pigeon, and sent to Mr. James Fordyce at Liverpool.

For the next few days the business of the house was almost at a standstill. The sad event was the gossip of the Exchange, and the commercial coffee-rooms; and the credit of Fordyce, Brothers, high as their character stood in the city, was, of course, materially and fatally injured by this sudden calamity.

It was late on the Friday night when Mr. James Fordyce returned, having started at once upon the receipt of the despatch, and posted the whole way. He spent an hour in silent and sacred communion with his dead brother, and every one read in his fine, open, benevolent face how thoroughly the wrong was forgiven that had shaken the foundations of the firm, and sent one of its members to a sudden grave.

He then devoted himself, night and day, to an investigation of their financial position, aided in every thing by Michael Armstrong, who was ever at his side. In the course of a few days his determination was known. By closing the branch concern at Liverpool, contracting the operations, and reducing the London house, the capital remaining was sufficient to discharge all outstanding obliga-

tions, leaving a small balance upon which to re-construct the firm. This was done, and the honor of Fordyce, Brothers, was preserved.

Many of our staff, under the new arrangements, were dismissed, but the thoughtful care of Mr Fordyce had provided them with other situations in neighboring firms. In other respects our business went on as before, but with one remarkable exception. The confidence hitherto existing between Mr. Fordyce and Michael Armstrong was at an end, and although the latter was still retained in his capacity as private secretary, he appeared to feel that he was no longer honored and trusted. I believe at this time he would gladly have left the place, but some secret power and influence seemed to compel him to remain.

He had never made friends of any of his fellow-clerks, nor did he seek them now. Old Barnard's repugnance to his marriage with Esther at length took the form of open personal repugnance; and poor Esther, herself, while her heart was undoubtedly unchanged, became sometimes cold and timid in his presence: at others loving and repentant, as if struggling with some great, fearful doubt that she did not dare to confide to him. She was less desirous of seeking his company; and the roses on her fair young cheeks, that had grown up even within these old city walls, now faded away before the hidden grief of her heart. God bless her; her love had fallen, indeed, upon stony ground.

Mr. Fordyce seemed also to be struggling between a variety of contending feelings. Whether he had set a watch upon Michael Armstrong at this period I cannot say; but while he appeared to feel his presence irksome, he seemed always anxious to have him near. Better would it have been for him if he had let him go his ways.

It was impossible for Michael Armstrong to be ignorant of this state of things, and it only served to make him, if possible, more keen-eyed and watchful. What he thought or did was still only known to himself, but there was occasional evidence upon the surface that seemed to indicate the direction of his silent working.

Our house had never entirely recovered the shock given to its credit by the violent death of Mr Robert Fordyce. Rumors of our being in an insolvent position were occasionally

bandied about the town, gaining strength with the maturing of a large demand; dying away for a time, after it had been promptly satisfied. Our bankers, too, began to look coldly upon us.

The rumors gradually took a more consistent and connected form; an unfavorable condition of the money-market arose; the strongest houses cannot always stand against such adverse influences, and we were, at last, compelled to close our transactions. We stopped payment.

Contrary to general expectation, Mr. Fordyce declined to call in any professional assistance to prepare a statement of the affairs of the firm. At a preliminary meeting of his creditors, he took his ground upon his long and dearly-earned character for commercial integrity; and asked for a fortnight in which to investigate his books and assets. He obtained it.

If any one was disappointed at this, it was Michael Armstrong. His will for once was foiled. For reasons best known, at that time, to himself, he wished, now that the house was destroyed, to have all the books and papers removed out of the reach of Mr. Fordyce. It was not to be.

Mr. Fordyce, from the hour of the meeting, almost lived in his private office-room. Day after day was he seen arranging papers, and making extracts from the leathern-bound ledgers. Night after night his green-shaded office-lamp was lighting him through the same heavy, weary task. He had removed his writing-desk from the back of the room to that window on the left of the ground-floor, where Michael Armstrong used to sit. He worked chiefly alone, and seldom called in the help of his secretary, except for some intricate parts of the cash accounts.

In this way the time went quickly on, and Mr. Fordyce had arrived within a few days of the completion of his labors.

It was on a Wednesday evening—a winter's evening in the latter part of January—about half-past seven o'clock, that Mr. Fordyce and Michael Armstrong were alone together, after all the clerks had gone, at the window in that room, deeply engaged in a mass of papers. There seemed to be an angry discussion between them. Mr. Fordyce was pointing firmly to some white paper leaves, which shone brightly under the condensed glare of the shaded lamp. Both faces

were covered with a dark veil of shadow, arising from the reflected covering of the lamp, but Michael Armstrong's keen eyes flashed evilly, even through the mist of that dim light. The next moment he was behind Mr. Fordyce's chair, with his hand firmly twisted in the folds of the old merchant's neckcloth. There was a short and hopeless struggle. Two arms were thrown wildly into the air; a body fell off the chair on to the ground; and Mr. James Fordyce had learnt more in that instant, than all those piles of paper would have taught him, if he had examined them for years. He was dead;—dead, too, without any outward marks of violence upon his body.

Nor was this all.

Esther Barnard was sitting without a light in the dark recess of her favorite window;—sitting spell-bound, paralysed, parched and speechless, gazing upon the old office window and the green-covered lamp, under the shade of which this terrible drama had just passed before her eyes. She could make no sign. The whole fearful past history of Michael Armstrong was made clear to her as in a mirror, although the picture was shattered in a moment, as soon as formed: She must have sat there the whole night through, heedless of the calls of her sick father in the adjoining room, to nurse whom she had stayed away that evening from church. They found her in the morning in the same position, with her reason partially gone.

Michael Armstrong came in the next day punctually at the business hour. He appeared even more collected than usual, for he believed that all evidence against him was now destroyed for ever. A rigid investigation was instituted on the part of the creditors; and the mind wanderings of poor Esther Barnard were of great importance in making out a case against him. It may be that her sad affliction was ordained to bring about his destruction, for I do not believe that if she had retained her reason, she would ever have been induced to speak one word against him. Her heart might have broken, but her tongue would have remained silent. As it was, her accusations were gathered together, bit by bit,—gathered, as I gathered much of this story, from her lips in happy intervals, filling up

from imagination and personal knowledge all that seemed unconnected and obscure.

The investigation never reached the courts of law. Michael Armstrong saw with the old clearness of vision the inevitable result of the chain of evidence,—saw it traced up from speculation to forgery, from forgery to his poisoning of Mr. Robert Fordyce, from the poisoning to his forgery of the letter transferring the early crime, and from the letter to the destruction of the house and its last surviving representative. To avoid the expected punishment,—prepared as he always was for every emergency,—he poisoned himself in that private room, before our eyes. Whether the capital, of which he had sapped the firm, had been productive or not in his hands, we never knew. He was never known to acknowledge any kindred; and no one ever acknowledged him. He died, and made no sign; silently and sullenly, with his face turned to the wall.

At one time I indulged in the hope that Esther Barnard might recover, and I had prepared a home for her, even without the selfish desire of being rewarded with her poor, broken heart. Her father died, and I cherished her as a brother. Her melancholy madness, at times, was relieved with short lucid intervals, during which she thanked me so touchingly and sweetly for supposed kindnesses, that it was more than a reward. It was my pleasure to watch for such happy moments, patiently for days, and weeks, and months. In one of them she died, at last, in these arms, and I buried her in the ground of her old church outside the gateway. Our firm was never, in any form, restored, though I still cling to the old place. I have seen it sink gradually, step by step, until it can scarcely sink lower; but it is still near Esther. There is little happiness in growing so very old.

The old clerk told his story truthfully and clearly, and if there was any indistinctness of utterance about it, it was only towards the close. Much of it may have been the phantom of an old man's imagination, feeding on the tradition of a few closed, dusty shutters; but it interested me, because it spoke to me of a bygone time, and of persons and things among which I love to live and move.

From The Continental Review, June 23.
THE RECENT REIGN OF TERROR IN
FRANCE.

WE inserted in our Number of May 12, a letter written by one of the unfortunate persons who had been hurried off by the panic-stricken Government of France to languish in the wilds of Africa. By its very simplicity this document threw a strong and a sad light on the measures recently adopted in France; and we have since received a considerable number of authentic documents relating to the arrests made both in Paris and in the Departments, which, in spite of their length, we think so important and interesting that we lay them before our readers. And it is only when a considerable number of cases are grouped together that we can realize the full extent of the misery—the wholly unmerited misery—that has been inflicted, and the blackness of the shadow that in the early months of this year crept over France. The Minister who was responsible for what was done has just quitted his post. We hope that his successor, who has passed so many years in the study and admiration of justice, will view with the horror they deserve these records of the deeds of the office over which he is now to preside, and will repair what we may charitably term the grievous mistakes that have been made. We can vouch for the authenticity of all the facts stated below; we have received the names, both of persons and places, in full, and only suppress them out of consideration for the individuals referred to.

Public opinion at Paris, which had at first taken little heed of the arrests that were announced, became a little more troubled when it became known, after the execution of Orsini, that detachments of these wretched men started almost every night on their weary journey into an African exile. An impenetrable mystery covered the dispositions which the Imperial authorities took for this purpose. Strange to say, the first authentic and detailed information came from the provinces. In the provinces the prefects are indeed the enthusiastic laudators of the Government of the day, but the majority of them have formerly been equally devoted to the Governments which preceded that of the Emperor. Some of them have retained the cordial manners of former times, and they have old friends to whom they readily confide their embarrassments and their scruples. In the provinces, moreover, the scene is so narrow, and in the smaller towns, more especially, every one is so well known to everybody else, that the very notoriety of the person is the means of publicity. The journals may be silent, but the whisper goes from ear to ear.

The Prefect of Police of Paris may indulge his humor by many deeds of violence, and yet the inhabitants of the metropolis, nay, even the inhabitants of the streets next to the Rue de Jérusalem, are none the wiser. A departmental prefect cannot imprison the most inconsiderable person in his district without the fact being known to every one who cares to know it. Thus it became at length a matter of notoriety that every department had been assessed by the Minister of the Interior. Every prefect, according to the importance of his district, had to supply a larger or smaller number of men for transportation. The largest and worst reputed departments had to furnish a contingent of from forty to fifty; the smaller ones, or those enjoying the benefits of a good reputation, were let off with ten or twenty criminals. And the persons to be deported were, as far as possible, to be selected from the old lists. But on no account were the prefects permitted to reduce the number they were expected to supply. Of course these instructions were a sore embarrassment to the functionaries who received them. In the great centres of population, at Lyons, Lille, Marseilles, and in other towns where the laboring classes abound, and where, as at Paris, the inhabitants of one street or quarter are not known or cared for by those living in other streets, the task was easy enough. Here the prefects were able to supply their respective contingents at the small sacrifice of conscientious scruples, and without exciting the alarm and ill-will of the people. But in the chief towns of smaller departments the authorities had a very difficult part to play. The prefects—imitating the Minister of the Interior who had assessed them—applied to the Sub-Prefects, whom they assessed in their turn. One arrondissement had to send in for transportation three or four, another two, and a third perhaps only one culprit. Let us quote a few examples:—

At Toulouse, which is a large commercial town, and the seat of one of the old parliaments, the arrests were numerous, and the persons arrested were of all classes—viz., notaries, physicians, advocates, merchants, workmen, and peasants. The majority of these persons had been compromised in the political troubles of the last ten years. But none of them had done any thing to provoke the animosity of the present administration. These sudden arrests caused the greatest excitement, which increased when it became known that the prisoners were kept *au secret* and not permitted to see their families. When the time for departure came, the wives were for a few moments admitted to their husbands, and the children to their fathers. Notaries, too, were permitted to take the last

instructions of the wretched men who were to be expelled from France, but gendarmes were the witnesses of these last interviews, and listened to the dictation of the testamentary dispositions. The people said that nothing similar had happened at Toulouse since the days of the Revolutionary tribunals.

At * * *, in one of the western departments, a gentleman who had been in office under the government of Louis Philippe, called upon the sub-prefect, who had for many years past been his friend. He found him in a state of painful excitement. "Well, what is the matter? What has happened?" said the visitor. The reply was: "I am utterly wretched. I have had to make arrests. I have been ordered to send one person to the chief town of the department, and this person I had to select from the list of persons formerly transported or condemned for political crimes. I have answered that they are all quiet and well-conducted. The prefect replied that this was the case throughout his department, but that seven persons had been asked from him—the department had four arrondissements), and that he had been very kind to me in asking me for one person only, but this person he must have, and at once too. I have consequently examined my list. Here it is. I found it difficult to make a selection. One was too old, a second too poor, and a third too ill in health. At last I found a suitable person, one in tolerable circumstances and in good health. Him I arrested, and the consequence is, I am in disgrace with everybody. The Procureur-Imperial, and the Chief of the Gendarmerie, have called upon me and abused me. They told me—of course I knew it—that my prisoner is the most harmless creature in the world. I have explained the affair, and told them why I took this man in preference to others. They have gone through the list, and they agreed that the others are quite as harmless, and that the man I had chosen was, after all, the one best able to bear this misfortune. All this comforted me a little, but now I have received a letter from which I learn that this poor fellow, whom I thought I had consigned to a few months of incarceration, has been transported to Africa, that they have sent him in chains to Marseilles, that he is ill with fear and despair, and that he is likely to die: all this is dreadful, and if he does die I will resign." The poor fellow did not die—at all events the sub-prefect of * * * did not resign.

From The Examiner, 8 July.

THE IMPERIAL REIGN OF TERROR IN FRANCE.

WE published in our last number some extracts from a very remarkable article in the

Continental Review, giving to the world by far the fullest and most authentic information yet received with respect to the measures taken by the French Government after the *attentat* of the 14th of January. We return to the subject this week, not for the purpose of commenting upon facts which speak for themselves, but with the persuasion that it is the duty of the English press to make those facts as widely known as possible, to break through the dreary silence which is imposed upon the press of France, and to bring the force of public opinion to bear upon a system of government which shuns and fears the light.

Our contemporary vouches for the authenticity of the facts, and only suppresses the names of persons and places out of consideration for individuals. We ourselves have every reason to believe, from information that has reached us, that the statements made are substantially correct; and indeed the mode in which the details were obtained is described in a way which can leave no doubt of their reality.

It was known that after the attempt of January numerous arrests were made in Paris and the provinces. At that time the laws of Public Safety had not been enacted. Men were not at that moment, by *law*, at the mercy of a despotic Government. There was no legal power, and there was supposed to be no motive for the arrest of individuals, unless under suspicion of a share in the Orsini conspiracy. The natural conclusion and the only explanation was, that the crime of the 14th January formed part of a wide-spread plot extending all over France. Orsini's trial dispelled this belief, and made it clear that he and his accomplices stood alone. It was evidently not French discontent, however, deep and justifiable, but Italian *vendetta*, which had wielded the shameful weapons of the assassin. No other state prosecution was set on foot, or talked of as possible. Then the persons arrested had been falsely suspected and would be set at liberty! If not, on what grounds had they been seized, and what would be their fate? At first all was mystery, and no answer could be given to these questions. After a time the truth oozed out, and it was from the provinces that the first authentic information reached the anxious family and the whisperers on the Boulevards. That was natural enough. The proceedings of an official in a country town are watched with a curiosity impossible at Paris; and a neighbor cannot disappear suddenly, and "make no sign," as in a vast city, where men have no neighbors. Then a system was disclosed which, with all our knowledge of the Imperial Government, is to us a startling violation of the decencies of despotism. It was discovered

that "every department had been assessed by the Minister of the Interior. Every Préfet, according to the importance of his district, had to supply a larger or smaller number of men for transportation. The largest and worst-reputed departments had to furnish a contingent of from forty to fifty; the smaller ones, or those enjoying the benefits of a good reputation, were let of with ten or twenty criminals (?) " The Préfets, bound to furnish their quotas of victims, applied to the Sous-Préfets, and assessed them in their turn. Great, we are told, was the embarrassment of the functionaries, struggling between fear of the Government, fear of popular indignation, and in some cases their own good-nature and humanity. An account is given of one unlucky Sous-Préfet in this situation, which, if we could read of such things with indifference, would be "as good as a play." He was ordered (the Préfet being "very kind") to furnish one towards the departmental *fournée*. He examined his list of persons formerly implicated in political offences. They were all quiet and well-conducted. How then to choose? Here was a good-natured man in a difficulty. "One was too old," he says; "a second too poor, a third in too bad health. At last I found a suitable person, in tolerable circumstances, and in good health. I arrested him, and the consequence is—I am in disgrace with everybody. They tell me—of course I know it—that my prisoner is the most harmless creature in the world." The worthy man comforted himself with the conviction that the person he had chosen was the best able to bear his fate; but was again troubled in mind by the news that his prisoner had been sent in chains to Marseilles, on his way to Africa, ill with fear and despair. "All this is dreadful," he writes, "and if he does die I will resign." The poor fellow did not die—at all events the Sous-Préfet of . . . did not resign. "At Marseilles," we are told, "M. F., formerly a deputy, went on board one of the ships, in which were confined about 300 persons about to be transported to Africa. He states that those persons belong to all classes of society—that among them are peasants, workmen, merchants, physicians, and advocates—but that the black coats are far more numerous than the blue smocks." When these and similar details became known at Paris, many people felt that something must be done; and a sort of committee was formed, numbering about twelve gentlemen, belonging to all

sections of the great Liberal party, from extreme Republicanism to the most Conservative Constitutionalism. The result of their deliberations is very characteristic of the present state of France. They gave up—and we cannot blame them—all idea of publicly defending the common rights of personal liberty and safety. They gave up all idea of applying for protection to the courts of justice; indeed the families of the victims feared to offend power by daring to appeal to law. They contented themselves with charity; and they have sought out, discovered, and relieved in many cases the families whose husbands and fathers had been seized in their beds and hurried away, without crime, without trial, to prison or to exile. Their task was a difficult one, owing to the general terror and distrust which prevailed, but they seem to have done much good and obtained a good deal of information. The result of their inquiries is, that in Paris alone a number of persons, variously stated at from 300 to 900 were illegally arrested, that a good many were released, and that the majority were sent to Africa, where they are scattered through many villages or small towns, receiving an allowance of ten or fifteen centimes a day and a ration of bread, in some cases employed on public works. They were for the most part small *bourgeois*, or artisans, were generally mentioned in old police lists as having taken part in the troubles of 1848 or 1852, but were not engaged in any political movement, and had, of course, nothing whatever to do with the *attentat*. Instances are given in detail where, as is sure to be the case, the tyranny of Government has unconsciously served the purposes of private interests or hatreds, men denounced by their creditors or their rivals. In short, these miserable proceedings have no color of law or justice, and are nothing but a system of unmitigated terrorism, which in its nature, though happily not in its extent, must be classed with "Committees of Public Safety," and "*Lieux des Suspects*." Thus do extremes meet, and the sense of insecurity, whether in a Revolutionary Assembly or an Emperor, produces some "Reign of Terror," more or less intense, under which the Government suffers as much as its victims. We desire to make no comment on these painful facts. We hope for the sake of France that they belong to the past. At all events the light of publicity can do no harm, or rather in that light these deeds of darkness are less likely to be repeated.

From The Saturday Review, 26 June.

ROBESPIERRE REDIVIVUS.

SOME attempts have recently been made to mitigate the horror with which humanity regards the memory of Robespierre and the Terrorists. But these attempts, though made by men of great literary ability, have been made in vain. Yet such were the circumstances of the Committee of Public Safety and its accomplices, that if we allowed ourselves to admit the doctrine of historical fatalism, their misdeeds might seem almost to have been the work of fate. They had been borne to the giddy height at which they stood, by a social movement so violent and so absorbing that it might well disturb the principles of political morality in any mind in which those principles were not deeply seated and fortified by convictions which had been pretty nearly eradicated from all French intellects by the combined agencies of the Jesuits and Voltaire. They were, like most of the enthusiasts of great revolutions, young, unread in the science, and inexperienced in the art, of governing. They were threatened by a mighty European coalition, with which a large party in France itself was undoubtedly in league, and which would assuredly, if victorious, have sent them to the scaffold to which they sent their victims. Their power rested solely on the opinion which had given it birth, and the triumph of contrary opinions in the public mind would have been to them a sentence of deposition and of death. They unquestionably were themselves a prey to the terror with which they endeavored to strike their enemies, and persecuted as much from panic as from the lust of shedding blood. They are also entitled—the leading men among them at least are entitled—to the full benefit of the poor palliative which fanaticism affords to crime. It was to a cause, however tainted—to a public object, however visionary—that they immolated the victims of the guillotine and the noyades. From corrupt motives and from the lowest kind of personal ambition they must be allowed to have been free. Those hands were clean from speculation which were foul with innocent blood; and the men at whose names all Europe grew pale lodged and dressed like mechanics, with all the revenues of France at their absolute command. They were the avengers, too, of long and maddening misgovernment; and their intolerant and persecuting Atheism was directly derived from the practices of an intolerant and persecuting Church. Yet society has rejected every defence of their Terrorism, and condemned the names of its authors to infamy for ever.

But society will probably be more kind to those French rulers who, in cold blood and on calm calculation, being firmly established in

power, and secured by an overwhelming military force at home, and by great alliances abroad, and with objects in view as distinctly selfish as ever moved the action of any human being, deliberately adopt Terrorism as a convenient mode of crushing adverse opinion. The Emperor cannot plead panic as an excuse for the reign of Terror which the audible though suppressed indignation of the people has just compelled him to bring to a close. He himself distinctly stated that the adoption of the system of which General Espinasse was the embodiment, was not caused by the attempt of Orsini. Indeed, that attempt, springing entirely from the wrongs and vengeance of Italy, could neither necessitate nor justify any measures of severity directed against the people of France. The nation was told that "the advance of every great Power is a struggle," and that for that struggle the Empire required more force, which, accordingly, an obsequious legislature was invited to bestow. It was well known that a large number of arbitrary arrests and deportations had taken place under the laws of Public Safety, as they were termed by a fine irony—or rather in anticipation of those laws, and beyond the scope even of their tyrannical provisions. But it is only now, so far as this country is concerned, and through authentic documents published by our contemporary the *Continental Review*, that the atrocious truth, in all its hideousness, has come to light. The departments of France were regularly assessed by Louis Napoleon and his Minister of the Interior to provide a sufficient number of victims to the Terror. "Every Prefect, according to the importance of his district, had to supply a larger or smaller number of men for transportation. The largest and worst reputed departments had to furnish a contingent of from forty to fifty; the smaller ones, or those enjoying the benefits of a good reputation, were let off with ten or twenty criminals." The Prefects were to select their allotted tale of victims as far as possible from the old lists; that is to say, from the lists of those who had belonged to the party on which Louis Napoleon fawned in his adversity, and who had been concerned in the revolution to which he owes his throne. But on no account was the appointed number to be reduced. At Toulouse the contribution required was large, and the persons arrested were of all classes, notaries, physicians, advocates, merchants, workmen, and peasants—a fact which may be instructive to literary and philosophic sansculottes who rejoice in the Empire as a tyranny of the uneducated over the educated classes.

"People said there had been nothing like it in that city since the days of the Revolutionary Tribunals"—in which they wronged

the Revolutionary Tribunals, which at least arrested only men accused of crimes, and rendered homage to justice by going through the form of an open trial. In another place the Prefect was tender-hearted. He looked in agony of mind through the list of the "suspect" for the required victim. One was too old, another too poor, another too ill. At last he selected one, perfectly innocent and inoffensive, but "the best able to bear the misfortune." This man he arrested, and sent off, as he imagined, to a few months' imprisonment, but, as he afterwards learnt, to his despair, to exile in Algeria. He said, if the man died, he should resign—hoping by resignation to wash his hands of innocent blood. One man was arrested on his deathbed, and expired in the custody of the gendarme. Public opinion in the locality compelled the Procureur-Imperial to suspend the gendarme who had been guilty of this outrage, and the Prefect of the department hastened to Paris to represent the bad effect which had been produced. The result of his representations was that the gendarme was rewarded with an order, and that the Procureur-Imperial was dismissed the service. At Tours they arrested the physician to the administration of the railway, who is described as a very charitable man, and greatly beloved by the working classes—another fact for Imperialist sansculottes. At least from three to four hundred of these arrests were made in Paris alone. They were made at the dead of night, by police-officers in plain clothes, with arms under their coats. In some cases no warrant was shown. Not only the houses of the persons arrested were searched, but their wives and children, "rudely or considerably, according to the character and temperament of the functionaries who conducted the proceedings." "No explanations were given or permitted; wives were forbidden to talk to their husbands, children were forced back from the embrace of their fathers." The majority of the persons arrested were sent to Africa, and during part of the voyage they were kept in irons. We have then some account of the wives left without their husbands, and mothers without their only sons—women sick and unable to work, and with children dependent on them—women left pregnant, and with no one to support them, praying for the means of going out to join their husbands in exile. But what are the tears and heartbreakings of these poor women—the obscure wives of physicians, tradesmen, and mechanics? Is not society saved so long as the balls and banquets of the Tuileries are gay, and their charming ladies delight the world with fabulous luxury and hair powdered with gold?

It will be remembered that the Emperor himself was distinctly a party to this cold-

blooded application of the Terrorist system. He formally announced its inauguration with his own lips, though he did not venture to communicate to Europe its details. He has now removed his accomplice from office, not because he was criminal, but because he was unsuccessful. He has marked the want of success by withdrawing the Ministership of the Interior, but honored the crime with the Senatorship of the Empire. And these men ride high, and are the master spirits of their age; while Robespierre, and Hebert, and Collet D'Herbois, sleep in dishonored graves. The Government which has been guilty of these proceedings is not an enemy to liberty, to progress, to freedom of thought, to civilization—it is an enemy to humanity. It will last just so long as military force can hold down a brave and fiery nation, wearied but not exhausted in the struggle for freedom. And to cultivate an exclusive and sycophantic connexion with it, and to stake the French alliance upon its support, is to risk every thing on the stability of a house built not upon the sand, but on a volcano.

From The Saturday Review, 10 July.

THE FIRST DUTY OF ENGLAND.

THE institution of a thoroughly efficient Channel fleet is not only an object of primary importance—it is the first duty of the Government and the nation. The expense will probably be heavy. The expense of raising a sufficient number of volunteer seamen, seamen's wages being what they are, will certainly be heavy. This is the result of the false economy of laying down, for the sake of a momentary relief from taxation, that which it afterwards costs us double to restore. Our burdens have lately been increased, and we have still India on our hands. Yet the effort must be made. It ought to be made irrespective of any danger of attack. But it would be absurd to say that a danger of attack does not exist. It is enough to create such a danger, that a few leagues from our coast vast and increasing powers of aggression are wielded by a despotic and irresponsible Government which may find it its interest in extremity to cast the die of war, and which may, if it continues in its present course, be any day brought to extremity by the disaffection of its own people. But besides this, we are, in the eyes of that despotic Government, the rankest and most offensive upholders of political and moral freedom in the world. Without a strong Channel fleet, our coasts are open to sudden invasion, in the opinion of the most competent military judge; and the only words of terror which the Duke of Wellington ever uttered are still ringing as a warning in our ears. Our arsenals themselves are unguarded and open to a blow by

which we might be fatally crippled at the outset of a contest in which our national existence would be at stake. It is vain to speculate how that blow might be dealt—there are a thousand ways of striking those who are unarmed and unprotected. On the national defences every eye ought to be turned, and the Government which can put the national defences in the best state is the best Government at the present time. Parliament ought not to separate without an assurance that England will speedily be able to ride the narrow seas with force sufficient to protect her own shores, and the interests of liberty and civilization which have found a refuge there.

The Belgian Government has determined on raising a loan for the purpose of fortifying Antwerp as a citadel of refuge where, in case of a piratical invasion, the Belgian army and militia might hold their ground till assistance could arrive. The fortifications will probably take the form of an entrenched camp, capable of containing within its circle of forts the collected force of the country. It is not improbable that the King of the Belgians may have taken the opportunity of his recent visit to England to concert the necessary measures of protection, and inculcate on us the necessity of raising the Channel fleet. The King sees enormous aggressive preparations being made, and must know that these preparations must be either a mania or a menace, and that a mania for expenditure is not likely to prevail in the present condition of French finance. He is evidently conscious that the storm which has gathered before is again gathering over Belgium. It has not been arrested by the large concessions which the Belgian Government has made to the exigencies of the Imperial *régime*. To the French people, Belgium is a monument of their former liberties, a reproach of their present servitude, and a pledge of their capability of future emancipation. To the French Government, Belgium is the friend of their enemy—the freedom and self-respect of the French people. It is scarcely possible that Louis Napoleon and his advisers should tolerate with patience such a scandal and such a firebrand at their door. Moreover, all the Napoleonic traditions point to the annexation of Belgium as a natural part of the empire. There is, of course, no pretence for an attack. The Belgian Government has gone to the very verge of honor and independence in repressing all that can give umbrage to Imperial jealousy and fear. But it would not be difficult for the wolf to find some pretence for seizing on the lamb. There seems to be even an inclination to treat the fortification of Antwerp as an insult to the pacific and undesigning Government which, though threatened by nobody, has just com-

pleted the arming of Cherbourg, and made, without any obvious cause, a vast addition both to its naval and military power.

The intentions of the Sovereign whose immense preparations are disturbing the peace of Europe are of course inscrutable. He has as yet shown no hostility to this country. He has always professed, and still professes good will towards England, and a desire to maintain the English alliance. He has allowed to pass what might have seemed a good opportunity of executing any designs against us. While the Indian mutiny was at its height, he offered us facilities for the conveyance of our troops, and he seems to have checked French officers who would have gone out to offer the aid of their military science to the mutineers. His invitation to our Queen to be present at the opening of Cherbourg is a strong guarantee of amicable intentions, because, if followed by unprovoked hostilities, it would be an act of gratuitous treachery which would draw down upon its perpetrator the indignation of the civilized world. But still, he is the author of the *coup d'état*; and his recent acts have shown that he is ready to retain the prize of his lawless ambition, if necessary, by the same means by which it was won. If he is capable of committing the naked atrocity of assessing his own departments for innocent victims to a reign of terror, he cannot be supposed incapable of plunging into the atrocity, veiled by glory, of a foreign war. He has constantly at his ear men who are notoriously the deadly enemies of England, whose infamy fears no addition, and whose minds steeped in treachery, tyranny, and apostacy, have lost the sense of crime. He has also constantly at his ear men who, as fanatical Ultramontanists, are burning to use French bayonets, even though wielded by infidels, in a crusade against the religious liberties of Christendom; and who see in the Empire a blessed and unhoped-for incarnation of violence which offers the last chance of quenching the light of reason and truth in the blood of their adherents. His interested intrigues in the East for the purpose of linking the French Ultramontanists with the possession of the Holy Places, involved us in the war with Russia. Scarcely was the blood of our soldiers, mingled with the blood of the soldiers of France, dry on the fields of the Crimea, when he began to intrigue with Russia against his late allies. He continues to occupy Rome with his troops, against all international law; and he has given repeated indications of further designs in the direction of Italy. His dark and plotting ambition has now for the second time assisted in making a representative of sabre-sway dominant in Spain. In O'Donnell he has an apt accomplice for any designs against

the liberties of Europe, and the success of that adventurer is accompanied by a violent demonstration of Spanish animosity against England. In the matter of the Principalities he is acting against us, and in the interest of Russian ambition; and the appearance of a Russian frigate in the Mediterranean, acting with a French squadron and under the orders of a French admiral, is evidence of an understanding which is something more than intimate. The pamphlet entitled *Napoleon III. and the Principalities*, roundly tells us—that indeed is sufficiently evident—that Cherbourg has been armed, in accordance with the views of Napoleon I., as a means of striking a blow at England; and it further states that if France is “humiliated”—that is, if she does not have every thing her own way—in the matter of the Principalities, the blow will assuredly be struck. This pamphlet is not divested of all significance by the assurance of the *Pays*, that, in spite of similarity in form and title, it has no analogy to the Government pamphlet *Napoleon III. and England*. But the decisive fact is that Louis Napoleon refuses to give the one sufficient guarantee of peace, by confining his

armament within the limits necessary for defence. He may mean nothing by all these preparations. He may mean only to keep us in check while he attacks or coerces some other nation. But he, or those who succeed to his power in case of his death, may be led by their passions or their necessities to do more than they mean; and it is scarcely possible for them to engage in hostilities in any quarter which would not draw us immediately or ultimately into the vortex. The feelings of amity entertained by this nation towards France are not doubtful. Not one single syllable has ever escaped any English speaker or writer bearing the slightest analogy to the threats which are constantly levelled at us by the press which is under the control of the French Emperor. All that any Englishman desires is that Louis Napoleon and his advisers should have before them cordial harmony with England if they choose peace, and certain defeat if they choose war. To place a strong barrier to the reckless and selfish ambition of the French Government is not only a duty we owe to ourselves, but the greatest service we can possibly do the French people.

MR. HAYWARD is not satisfied with the contradiction to his “good story” given by Mr. Bentley, the victim of it—for every good story has its victim. Mr. Bentley declares point-blank that he never had any conversation with either of the Smiths about the title of his *Miscellany*; but Mr. Hayward, unwilling to give up a good thing, replies with an air of doubt that he had the statement from the lips of James Smith himself: to which Mr. Bentley, now put upon his mettle, replies with some sharpness:

“Any other man than Mr. Hayward, when informed that I never had any conversation with the late Mr. James Smith, or his brother, on the subject of the title of my *Miscellany*, would have expressed regret at having published an anecdote wholly devoid of foundation in fact. Instead of this he has raised an issue on its truth, and adduced, on his own authority, the name of a deceased gentleman to contradict me. This is easily done, but is not satisfactory. Our respective reputation for veracity is before the public. I will not appeal to the dead, but to the living; and refer him, for his satisfaction, to the members of his own profession, the benchers of the Temple, whose estimate of him is well known. Mr. Hayward is pleased to call this groundless anecdote, which is calculated to throw ridicule upon me, ‘a harmless pleasantry.’ If I were to publish Theodore Hook’s story of his affecting appeal to him to ‘spare dear Caroline for his sake,’ he might understand how an absurd story ceases to be harmless when it becomes personal.”

What a pity it seems that good stories should be such edged tools, and that wits must have their jokes, like their dinners, at the expense of their friends.

POTTERY IN THE BOWELS OF THE EARTH.—In a late number of the *Athenæum* it was, I think, stated that a traveller in Egypt, having lately found a piece of pottery at some thirty feet below the present surface of the soil on the banks of the Nile, came to the conclusion that, because the annual deposit of earth by the stream would have required so many centuries to lay down so many feet of earth,—therefore, the bit of pottery found must have been manufactured some 13,000 years before the beginning of the Christian era. Does the following statement of facts bear at all on such a theory? Having lived for many years of my life on the banks of the river Ganges, I have seen the stream encroach on a village, undermining the bank where it stood, and deposit as a natural result bricks, pottery, &c., in the bottom of the stream. On one occasion, I am certain that the depth of the stream where the bank was breaking was above forty feet; yet in three years the current of the river shifted so much, that a fresh deposit of soil took place over the *debris* of the village, and the earth was raised to a level with the old bank. Now, had our traveller then obtained a bit of pottery from where it had lain for only three years, could he reasonably draw the inference that it had been made 13,000 years before?

AN OLD INDIGO PLANTER.

THE SMELLS.

BY EDGAR AH POOH!

[From The London Town Talk.]

PASS the river with its smells,
Horrid smells!

What a risk of fever the experiment compels!

How they stifle, stifle, stifle,

On the left shore and the right;

How your helpless lungs they rifle

Of the last remaining trifle

Of their breath, and put to flight

Any rhyme, rhyme, rhyme

You're composing at the time;

Or your bus'ness calculation, if your one who
buys and sells,

Do the smells, smells, smells,

Do the smells, smells, smells,

Do the choking and provoking of the smells!

Go through Lambeth with its smells,

Charnel smells!

Generated out of bones detestable as Pell's;

When the scent of rotten cheese

You have passed, your nostrils seize

Odors, as from burnt old coat,

Or the singed hair of goat

Or racoon!

You seek refuge on a Citizen steamboat

Very soon.

Oh! of all the dreadful sells!

What an error thus to think to 'scape the river
smells!

How it smells!

How it smells!

From its drain and sewer cells,

Does the nuisance—and you soon repent, your
steamboat voyage hire,

Having fallen from the frying-pan and tumbled
into the fire

Of the smells, smells, smells,

Of the smells, smells, smells,

Of the poisoned, sewer-poisoned river smells.

Then the House of Commons smells,

Fetid smells!

What a gust of cabbage-water round the build-
ing dwells!

Can you wonder that at night

Members jumble wrong with right,

Having walked upon that terrace and inhaled
the river's blight;

Wafted upward from the ripple,

Is it marvel they should tinkle

And smoke in the down-stairs room,

Swigging deeper, deeper, deeper,

Wetting frequently each peeper,

In a desperate endeavor

Now, now to quench or never

The cholera's torch of doom?

If the House of Commons stood

In a pleasant vale or wood,

Or a healthy street, we might expect some rea-
sons strong and good:

But it stands

By the strands

Of the Thames, which sets its brands
On the honorable members and the legislative
swells,
Of the smells, smells, smells,
Of the smells, smells, smells,
Of the clogging, brain-befogging river smells!

Lower down, the river smells—

Dockyard smells!

Then you find their influence to suicide impels;

There's a dreadful fascination

In their fetid, foul stagnation,

Of each "one more unfortunate" the certain
doom that knells;

O'er the rustic valley stream

Seldom female garments gleam;

And 'tis rarely that the fisher's hand a tale of
murder tells;

But there's something in the river, with its foul
and filthy smells,

That yearns for human life, and will have it, and
compels

The payment of its tribute by its foul and filthy
smells—

By its smells, smells, smells,

By its smells, smells, smells,

By its rancorous, cantankerous foul smells.

THE MILL-STREAM.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "REVERBERATIONS."

A CHILD looks into the mill-stream,

Where the fish glide in and out,

The dace with the coat of silver,

And the crimson-spotted trout.

He plays with the diamond waters,

He talks to the droning bees,

He sings, and the birds sing with him,

He runs as to catch the breeze.

A perfume from wood and meadow

Is wandering round the boy;

He is twining a garland of lilacs,

And joyous he thinks not of joy.

He prays in the eve and morning,

For the heavens seem always near,

And he thinks that each childish murmur

Is a charm that the angels hear.

O Life! O beautiful picture!

O light, and perfume, and love!

O the grace of the heart that is tender!

O the dream that can lift us above!

O Life! no longer a problem,

But a something to see and enjoy,

A brightness on stream and on meadow,

A breeze round a dancing boy.

Back, back to the fair blue morning

Of wild Hope and of Fancy wild,

Let me watch the fish in the mill-stream

With the eyes and the heart of a child.

—*Fraser's Magazine.*

From the Boston Courier.

THE LATE MR. ABBOTT LAWRENCE.

"*Der Weg zum Glück*," oder die Kunst Millionair zu werden, aus den hinterlassenen Papieren des kürzlich verstorbenen Amerikanischen millionairs Abbot Lawrence; in Deutscher Original Bearbeitung von Rudolph Anders. Preis 5 s. gr. Diese interessante Schrift wird jedermann aufs Angenehmste empfohlen."

A friend of ours, passing along the streets of Berlin some time since, noticed before a bookseller's shop the above placard—now on our table—which may be translated thus:—

"The Way to Fortune, or the art of becoming a millionaire, from the papers of the lately deceased American millionaire, Abbot Lawrence, now originally prepared in German by Rudolph Anders. Price 5 silver groschen. This interesting work is earnestly recommended to all."

The sum asked for it—only about 8 cents—was small, and our friend went in and bought what he was sure would be something curious, and what turned out to be a tract of twenty-eight pages in 12mo., printed at Berlin, 1856, and sold on commission by G. A. Hoevel. It is needless to say that the whole is a mere fiction attached to the name of our distinguished townsman; and we give this notice of it, partly to show in what a reckless manner foreigners invent about us whatever happens to suit their purposes, and partly to show how widely spread was the name and fame of Mr. Lawrence, when it could be relied on to give currency among the masses of a population like that in Berlin, to the wholesome moral truths this little tract is intended to inculcate. When Lord Byron saw a copy of one of his works printed at Albany—a place of which, probably, he knew nothing else,—he said, "this is fame." The fiction attached to Mr. Lawrence's name in the Berlin pamphlet implies fame of another sort, and, we think, a better.

The preface, which is intended to give value and effect to the manuscript it announces, was evidently written by a person who, like most of his readers, knew nothing about Mr. Lawrence, except that he had made his own great fortune by the most honorable means; that he was an American statesman of recognized eminence; and that he had represented the United States at the Court of St. James in 1849-52. The rest is pure fiction, but it is a fiction so curious and whimsical, that we translate it entire—we mean the Preface. It runs thus:—

Before we give the following remarkable manuscript to the press, and so publish it to the world, we wish to impart to its readers some information concerning its origin.

Abbot Lawrence, the American millionaire, among whose papers the following document was found, after his recent death, had received "The Way to Fortune, or the Art of becoming a Millionaire," from the dying hands of a rich uncle, who, singularly enough, left him nothing else,—but in the absence of nearer relatives, bequeathed his immense fortune to charitable institutions; saying to his nephew, as he gave him the manuscript—"Wealth, my dear nephew, I do not leave you, for every man possesses within himself the power to earn it, and, with it, to win honor, fame and happiness. Independent energy is a noble thing; and I do not wish to cripple or destroy it in you, by making you heir to my enormous wealth, which, though you have hitherto been upright and honest, you might use so as to make you a bad man. Earn, then, as I have done, your own fortune, by your own energy, and you will know how to measure rightly the worth of riches, which should be used only to coöperate with God's Providence; to supply our own necessities, and to assist our fellow-creatures.

"But in order to afford you the means easier to earn a considerable fortune, and thus more quickly to obtain honor and happiness; and in order to save you from the necessity of growing wise by your own sufferings, I give you here a rich treasury of the experiences which I have gathered from my own life, and which have made me what thousands and millions vainly strive to be, because either they do not know how to choose their means rightly, or, having chosen right, do not know how to apply them.

"Use, then, this treasury of my experiences," the uncle continued to the nephew; "use it faithfully, and you will soon, by your own resources, attain to what will be to you for prosperity and blessing, and insure to you happiness on this side the grave and on the other." When the uncle had uttered these last words, his spirit passed forever into the great hereafter.

The nephew stood some moments lost in thought, by the bed of death, and well might he regret the vast fortune which his uncle had possessed, and which should naturally have fallen to him as the next of kin; but he soon recovered himself, took up the manuscript, and began, at once, the preparations for consigning the mortal remains of his uncle to the earth from which they had been taken. And now on the evening of the day in which he had performed these last sad rites, as he sat sorrowful in his chamber, he remembered the counsels he had received, and full of curiosity, opened the manuscript, whose seals he had not till then broken.

He read and read; and though its contents did not at once become clear and plain to

him, still he perceived that the counsels of his uncle were not without their worth, and that, if truly followed, they would insure his welfare. He therefore resolved to obey them strictly; and how he kept his resolution, and with what results, we learn not only from private sources, but from the history of his country. Abbot Lawrence rose gradually by the force of his own character from the condition of a poor youth to that of a rich and honored man. From a laborer and farmer in Virginia he became a wealthy manufacturer, an owner of plantations and railroads, of mines and of gold diggings. He was chosen to the House of Representatives. Later he was called to the Senate. From 1849 to 1852 he was ambassador of the American Union in England, and he would undoubtedly have become President of the United States, if he had not beforehand declined the honor. He died in the beginning of this year (1856) at New York, a man of ten millions of dollars, which, like his uncle, he bequeathed to charitable institutions, thus preserving his memory through time and eternity.

We received the following manuscript from a friendly hand. It contains the legacy of his uncle, which was found among his papers, and we think we are doing our fellow men a service by bringing it to light. As it has never been printed in any language, we have at once translated it into German, and wish our readers to observe that the reckonings are made in German currency.

THE EDITOR.

The manuscript, which follows, fills about twenty-one pages, and consist of very good moral advice, sensible but rather commonplace, arranged under forty-four heads. Its motto is "Pray and Work," and the following is a fair specimen of the pithy mode in which it announces its different subjects:

- "Be devout and fear God without superstition.
- "Be kind to the poor.
- "Be tolerant.
- "Keep a clear conscience.
- "Simplify your wants.
- "Keep your word.
- "Be punctual.
- "Be frugal.
- "Put your savings at interest where they will be safe, and keep working.
- "Never run in debt.
- "Get knowledge and experience wherever they are to be had.
- "Try to be first in your calling.
- "Respect all ranks.
- "Never love to spend.
- "Never lose confidence in yourself.
- "Persevere."

Each of the forty-four heads is followed by a short exposition and enforcement of its doctrine, and the whole ends with an exhortation. No part of it is unworthy the character of Mr. Lawrence, but undoubtedly no part of it was ever seen by him, or before it was published, by any person who can have known much about him.

"THE ROMANCE OF LIFE GONE WITH MARRIAGE."—The romance of life gone! when with the humblest and most sordid cares of life are intimately associated the calm delights, the settled bliss of home; when upon duties, in themselves perhaps often wearisome and uninteresting, hang the prosperity and the happiness of wife and children; when there is no mean hope, because there is no hope in which regard for others does not largely mingle—no base fear, because suffering and distress cannot affect self alone; when the selfishness which turns honest industry to greed, and noble ambition to egotistical lust of power, is exercised; when life becomes a perpetual exercise of duties which are delights, and delights which are duties. Once romance meant chivalry; and the hero of romance was one who did his knightly devoirs, and was true and loyal to God and his lady love. If with us it has come to mean the sensual fancies of nerveless boys, and the sickly reveries of girls for whose higher faculties society can find no employment, it is only another instance in which

the present is not so much wiser and grander than the past, as its flatterers are fond of imagining. To us it appears that where the capacity for generous devotion, for manly courage, for steadfast faith and love, exists, there exists the main element of romance, and that where the circumstances of life are most favorable for the development of the qualities in action, they are romantic circumstances whether the person displaying them be, like Alton Locke, a tailor, or like King Arthur, a man of stalwart arm and lordly presence. Nor do we see that the giants, dragons, and other monsters of the old romance, are in themselves one whit more interesting than the obstacles that beset the modern true knight in his struggles to perform manfully the duties of his life, and to carry out the noble spirit of that vow which he has solemnly taken at the altar to love, comfort, honor, and keep in sickness and in health the woman who has put her youth, her beauty, her life, and happiness into his hands.—

George Brinsley's Essays.

From Appleton's Dictionary of Mechanics.
SEWING MACHINES.

THE want of accurate information upon the subject of Sewing Machines, is now supplied by a new edition of Appleton's Dictionary of Mechanics, in which the subject is discussed and illustrated. Several Machines of various merit are mentioned therein; and prominence is given them, according to their respective merits. The single thread "Hand Stitch," "Running Stitch," and the single and double threaded "Tambour Stitches," are severally treated. Machines making the "Running" and the "Hand Stitches" are not before the public. The "Single," and the "Double Threaded Tambour Stitches," do not make seams of desirable firmness and beauty. The latter involves a great expenditure of thread; and the former, made by the low-priced Machines, is particularly defective for the general purposes of Sewing, on account of the facility with which it may be raveled.

The "Lock Stitch," is the one best suited for Sewing. It is formed with two Threads, one above and the other below the Fabric Sewed, interlocked with each other in the center of it. Each surface of the seam,



presents the same appearance; a single line of thread extending from stitch to stitch. It cannot be ripped nor raveled, and forms a seam sufficiently substantial for all ordinary purposes. About two and one half yards of thread are required for each yard of seam made with this Stitch. The single thread "Tambour Stitch," requires about four and one half yards, and the "Double Threaded Tambour Stitch," six and one half yards of thread, for a yard of seam.

The inventor of the "Lock Stitch," used a reciprocating Shuttle in making it. This required heavy machinery, involved a waste of power, and was inadaptible to Fine Work. No attempt was made to introduce it into Families. "In 1851," Mr. A. B. Wilson patented his celebrated "Lock Stitch" Machine, which with the co-operation of Mr. N. Wheeler, was soon introduced successfully, and is now known as the Wheeler and Wilson Machine. The merit of Mr. Wilson's Invention, consists in his "Rough Surface Feed," by which the Cloth is moved forward, and the length of the Stitch regulated; and the "Rotating Hook," by which the two threads are interlocked, and the points of interlocking drawn into the fabric. The superiority of this Machine over the Shuttle Machine, arises from substituting the Rotary movement of the Hook, for the reciprocating motion of the Shuttle. Power is thus economized, noisy and cumbersome gearing avoided,

and the Machine is adapted to the Finest Work.

"Its mechanism is the fruit of the highest inventive genius, combined with practical talent of the first order. Its principles have been elaborated with great care, and it involves all the essentials required in a Family Sewing Machine. It is simple and thorough in construction, elegant in model and finish, facile in management, easy, quiet, and rapid in operation, and reflects additional credit upon American Mechanical Skill.

"The Machine is mounted upon a neat work table, and driven by sandal treadles and band. The operator seats herself before the table, on which the Machine is placed, with her feet upon the sandals. The Threads being adjusted, the Machine is touched into motion by a gentle pressure of the foot, upon the sandals, and the cloth, as sewed, is moved forward from left to right.

"There is no limit to the number of Stitches that may be made in any given time. The driving-wheel is graduated ordinarily so as to make five stitches at each tread, so that from Six Hundred to One Thousand Stitches per minute are readily made. The amount of sewing that an operator may accomplish, depends much upon the kind of sewing, and her experience. Fifty dozen of Shirt Collars, or six dozen of Shirt Bosoms, are a day's work. Upon straight seams, an operator with one machine, will perform the work of twenty by hand. On an average, one probably performs the work of ten seamstresses. The bearings and friction surfaces are so slight, that the propelling power is merely nominal. The parts at all subject to wear are made of finely-tempered steel; the other parts of the Machine, are tastefully ornamented, or heavily silver plated.

"It is applicable to every variety of Sewing for Family wear, from the lightest muslins, to the heaviest clothes. It works equally well upon Silk, Linen, Woolen, and Cotton Goods; Seaming, Quilting, Hemming, Gathering, and Felling,—performing every species of Sewing, except making Button Holes, Stitching on Buttons, and the like. Various appliances are furnished for regulating the width of hems. The "Hemmer" is an appendage by which the edge of the fabric as it passes through, is turned down and handsomely stitched. Thousands of these Machines are used by Housekeepers, Seamstresses, Dressmakers, Tailors, Manufacturers of Skirts, Cloaks, Mantillas, Clothing, Hats, Caps, Corsets, Ladies' Gaiters, Umbrellas, Parasols, Silk and Linen Goods, with complete success; sometimes from one hundred to two hundred are used in a single manufactory."

ROSE LEAVES.

BY FREDERICK TENNYSON.

1.

Down in the dimness of a broken Vase
I found a dead Rose, ghost of Long-ago,
Faint-smelling as the joys of other days,
Sad as sweet hopes remember'd, wan as woe.

2.

Steep'd in the odorous essence of the flower
The urn breathed holy as a silent tomb,
Where o'er fall'n Truth lamenting Memories
shower
Perennial tears, to make her ashes bloom.

3.

Fast as its breathings rose like blissful clouds,
Fair phantoms upward on the vapor curl'd,
Sweet resurrections breaking from their
shrouds
Stood pale before me, like an ancient World.

4.

To me the veil of Time was rent in twain,
Eve changed to Morn, the Moon into the
Sun,
Behind the cloud of days I saw again
A feast, a bridal, and the first of June!

5.

And One I see, as pleasant to my sight
As though I saw thro' some gold rift of Morn
The Goddess of the Spring come forth in
light,
With flowers, and songs, and beauty earth-
ward borne.

6.

She gave it me that golden morn of June,
Peerless in beauty, pearl'd with trembling
dew,
Emblem of her gone from the earth too soon,
The flower of youth, the tender and the true.

7.

The dew, like gems fall'n from the front of Day,
Stood on it, stainless as her virgin tears;
Those dewdrops are for ever shed away,
And she shall weep no more for endless
years.

8.

The very music seems to hover by,
The songs we sang together in the bower,
I hear that ghostly music with a sigh,
The lips are dust that rain'd the silver shower.

9.

The wither'd petals of the crimson Rose
Are fewer than the Summers that are fled
Since it was gather'd, and its glory shows
Dim as the vanish'd beauty of the Dead.

10.

But still 'tis sweet as her undying words,
Her love, that echoes when no longer spoken,
And whispering thus of its own prime, records
Her youth, and beauty, by the self-same to-
ken.

11.

As each pale leaflet sadly falls away,
With unavailing grief my heart is stirr'd,
And each pale leaflet lingering in decay
Is graven with a sweet remember'd word.

12.

Before my aged eyes the vision set
The fair I was, and the forlorn I am;
For, tho' this body casts a shadow yet,
The living Is and Was are not the same.

13.

As is the vacant shadow to the man,
My soul unto itself was dimly shown;
Till from that death in life new hope began,
The Living and the Dead may yet be one.

14.

No more for ever shall that Morning be,
That self-same rose no more shall blossom
here,
Thus to be gather'd; but the parent-tree
Bears flowers as rich with every passing year.

15.

Oh! the soft eyes that saw it on the spray—
The hand that pluck'd it—and the foot that
bore—
The smile that graced it on that Summer-
day—
When that returns, I can behold no more.

16.

No shower shall rear the rose upon its stem
For evermore—yet mourn not for the just,
The loved, the fair—no tears recover them—
And sorrowing souls are sadder than the
dust.

17.

Oh! rather weep, and mourn that from our
hearts,
When Youth's long Summer-day is at its
close,
The joy of Nature, and the love departs,
More fleetly than the odor from a Rose.

18.

Mourn, that thy life, a torn and wither'd leaf,
Flutters, and falls, and in dejection lies,
Rent with a thousand cares, and wan with
grief,
While her glad Spirit like sweet odor flies.
—*Fraser's Magazine.*